

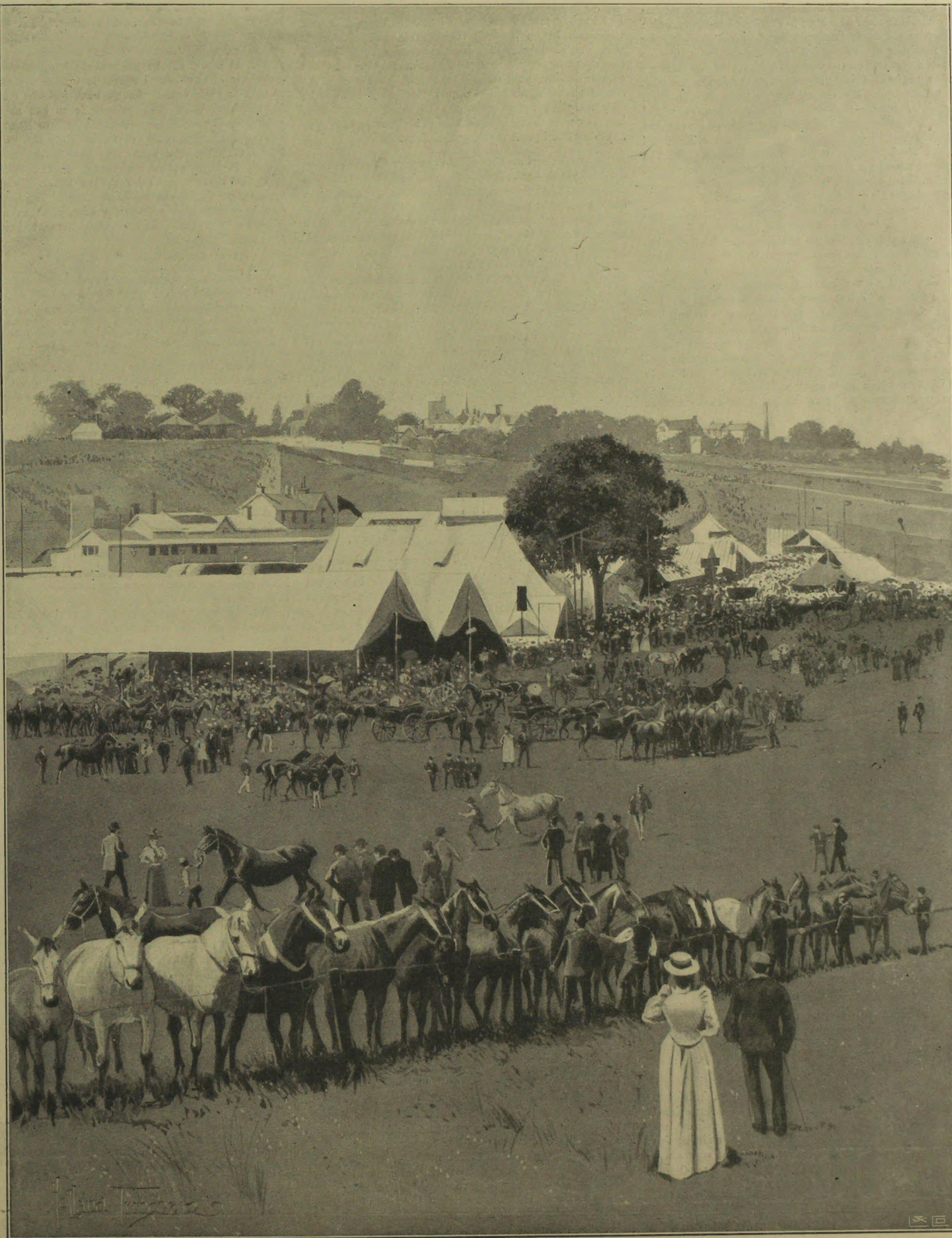
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SCENE AT BARNET FAIR.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Just as the Socialists by their mad views make those who have anything to lose distrustful of all reforms whatever, so the New Woman and her wild ways have made persons of common-sense opposed to all change in the social relations of man and wife. It is only too probable, therefore, that the ladies who have been speaking their minds of late upon the subject of a private purse for wives will not get the hearing they deserve. In the *Woman at Home* for September, for example, Mrs. Haweis has some sensible remarks upon this subject, which, if a little too warm with the fire of indignation, husbands may nevertheless well take to heart: "Does the average 'kind husband' know what it means never to have a shilling of one's own? To have at thirty, forty, fifty years of age to run upstairs or downstairs to ask permission to give twopence to a beggar, or sixpence to a cabman, or half a sovereign for something else? To have to stand a cross-examination as to why one wants another pair of gloves so soon, why the new pair are two-and-nine, while the last pair were two-and-six, or why the weekly books are fifteen shillings higher 'after all I said last week'?" As is the case with most ladies who are eloquent upon their wrongs, Mrs. Haweis overstates her case. For the average "kind husband" knows nothing about the price of gloves, and certainly would treat the extra threepence as Mr. Mantalini treated the halfpenny in the bailiff's account. Such a husband must be a "screw" of the meanest description. Nor, on the other hand, is it sinful of a man of small means to regret that his weekly books are considerably increased. But her general complaint is natural enough, and if we are loth to believe that "this absence of a private purse is a direct incentive to stratagem and falsifying the books," one can readily understand that there are many women who, rather than encounter these humiliating remarks, will go without the necessities of life. Miss Annie Swan, with less fiery eloquence, follows not less forcibly on the same side: "What appears to be required is that the wife should have something of her own, given to her freely by her husband for her own use and benefit, absolutely apart from other moneys, that she should spend it as she chooses. In nine cases out of ten it will go to the family good, in little gifts and birthday surprises, so dear to the womanly and motherly woman whose heart is in her home."

Of course there are many reckless and pleasure-loving women who spend money for the sake of spending, and who ought never to be wives at all, but these are the exceptions. As a general rule, the reason why "women have no notion of the value of money," where such is the case, is that they have never been entrusted with the control of it. That they do not "understand business" is quite true, but they understand household expenditure and what it is wise to buy much better than their husbands. The husband who takes charge of such matters, and renders his wife powerless either to restrain or to increase expenditure when necessary, is—if she is not downright a fool—a fool himself. He is not the domestic man he wishes to be considered, but a domestic tyrant. He may exercise considerable liberality out of doors: may pay his cabmen handsomely and the waiters at his restaurant—never make himself uncomfortable, in fact, for the want of spending an extra shilling—but he is a mean fellow for all that, and something of a coward too, since he reserves his economies for the one person who doesn't like to complain publicly of them. The reason why women have a reputation for stinginess arises in three cases out of four because they have no margin for expenditure of any kind: their pocket-money, if they have any, is dealt out to them with a niggardly hand. This is a real woman's wrong, and is found in every stratum of society, except, perhaps, the very highest. No husband, of course, can give what he has not got, but there is no rank of life in which a wife, unless she has shown herself in such matters to be a child, should be treated as a child. It is the worst description of slight, for it is humiliation. Wherever a man's income admits of it, he should always give his wife a banking account. It makes an immense difference—at a small cost—to her happiness in life. It enables her to use that gift of charity the exercise of which is so important to us all; it teaches her business habits; and it gives her, to some extent, that independence of action which is essential to self-respect. My conviction is that if the women of England were polled, nine out of ten of them would lay greater stress upon the desirability of having a private purse than on all the so-called reforms that have ever been advocated on the "female platform."

As if in compensation for the record which middle age, in the person of Dr. Grace, is making for itself in cricket, youth has asserted itself at chess, and won the international match at Hastings. Two-and-twenty is certainly a marvellously early age for a chess-player thus to distinguish himself. If genius exists outside the arts and sciences, it is manifested in games that require the exercise of intelligence. It is a gift of Nature and not to be otherwise explained, just as the poet lisps in numbers, and the musician becomes harmonious ere his fingers can grasp

the instrument or cover the keys. It is not so with other graces in which youth has excelled. Young Betty's precocious skill was doubtless to some extent imitation, and also that of that still more marvellous duodecimo actor, Samuel Pacey, whose impersonation of old men was so admirable that Ben Jonson himself has immortalised it—

Weep with me, all you that read
This little story:
And know, for whom a tear you shed
Death's self is sorry.
'Twas a child that so did thrive
In grace and feature,
As heaven and nature seem'd to strive
Which own'd the creature.
Years he number'd scarce thirteen,
When fates turn'd cruel;
Yet three fill'd zodiacs had he been
The stage's jewel,
And did act (what now we moan)
Old men so dully,
As, sooth, the Parcae thought him one,
He played so truly.

But the boy must have seen old men, and probably seen them act, before he took their parts. Mr. Pillsbury's wondrous skill must have been innate, for, as a rule, fine chess-playing only comes with years. Anyone who has seen an international chess match must have noticed the almost unnatural air of age worn by the competitors. The only exception that occurs to one is that of Philidor, who, however, never distinguished himself to the same extent, or anything like it, as our young American.

It is quite curious how of late years youth—and almost extreme youth—has come to the front at the whist-table. One meets what, by comparison with their usual habitués, are mere boys at whist clubs. Conscientious players say to themselves: "This is robbery: with anything like equal cards the lad *must* lose"; but to their great surprise, and not, perhaps, unmixed pleasure, they find he is quite able to "hold his own," which at the card-table means a good deal more than that. As a matter of fact, these lads often play whist far better than those who have done little else all their long lives. Of course, something is to be set down to the fact of the works upon the game published of late years being much more instructive and scientific than those of the past; but there still remains much that is unaccountable in the play of these juveniles, save upon the ground of a natural gift. It is also noteworthy that this excellence is often entirely restricted to games. I do not know whether in athletics it is found to be accompanied by exceptional intelligence in other matters; but in games of skill this is rarely the case. A first-rate whist-player, young or old, is not necessarily, as is commonly supposed, a "mathematician spoilt." Judges and magistrates fall into the same error, when they tell prisoners who have shown skill in their depredations that such diligence would have made their fortunes if applied to an honest career. Some men are born rogues, and adepts at roguery, who would never distinguish themselves in ordinary callings. The specialist is very seldom a good Jack-of-all-trades.

It is a pity that our language is not made to express the fact of a lady's being married or unmarried without the prefix of "Mrs." or "Miss." There is no difficulty about this in speaking to the individuals in question, but only in writing to or of them. In a notice the other day of a book by a lady writer, the reviewer complains that he "cannot style her Miss or Mrs., since her status is left indeterminate on the title-page." The folly of this omission will surely be brought home to her if words can do it. It is quite possible that she may have been writing for years without knowing that she had "an indeterminate status." But it is very inconvenient to other people. A correspondent of the *Times* suggests that "the old English usage of the word *Mistress* be restored, signifying an adult woman, whether married or single." Unfortunately, the word has already another meaning displeasing to the feminine ear, nor, though its adoption might help a reviewer, does one see how it would assist an ordinary person in addressing a lady correspondent whose status in this particular is unknown to him. American ladies have almost always the good sense to put "Miss" or "Mrs." in a bracket before their names when writing to a stranger from whom they expect a reply; and as matters stand, this is the only way out of the difficulty.

There is a general notion that it is always safe to address an unknown lady as "Mrs.," but it is not everybody that is proud of being married. One of the most indignant letters I ever got in my life was from one whom, with every desire to conciliate, I had thus addressed. It is true that I had also declined her manuscript, but she was, or professed to be, less annoyed at this want of appreciation than at the outrageous conclusion that she had bestowed her hand upon the animal called man: "I have been known here, Sir, for a maiden lady for fifty years, and to have a letter addressed to me as though I were otherwise was most compromising, derogatory, and insulting." Yet how on earth was I to know? Why should not some mark over a female name, acute or circumflex, reveal her condition to her correspondent? This might even be extended to let us know whether she was engaged, which would be useful in preventing us from falling hopelessly in love with her, as sometimes happens, upon paper. I suggest these ideas with humility, for on broaching them to a member of the fair sex, I very

nearly (so to speak) got my nose bitten off. "Why don't you men," she said, "let us know when *you* are engaged—aye, and married—in place, as you often do, of making yourselves so infamously agreeable under false pretences? Instead of your honeyed accents, it would be an improvement indeed to get honest ones, whether circumflex or otherwise." In this connection, by-the-by, it would not be out of place to mention that Miss Martineau, probably from some love for old fashions, gave her friends to understand during her later years that she wished to be addressed as "Mistress Harriet Martineau." But in her case the change was found to be impracticable. She had been too long "Miss Martineau" to all the world to take, as it is called, brevet rank.

It is really time for that tap of paragraphs from Hungary to be turned off. The originators of the supply will probably be put to little inconvenience by a change of quarters: it is just as easy, when one has not to move from Fleet Street, to "cross the frontier." Let them try Austria proper, from which we have had nothing of a sensational nature, save an accident to a prince or two, for years. It would not be too much, perhaps, to ask these purveyors of Continental stories to change their subjects as well as their venue; for we have recently had really too much of bears—*toujours ours* is as bad as *toujours perdrix*—and we had one last week. "Two Roumanians, owning dancing bears, have confessed to the murder of four Hungarian boys, whom they gave to the animals as food." It is generally understood, in this country at least, that bears do not eat boys, but buns. No one who knows the "Zoo" can think otherwise. The boys, however, may have been rude to the bear, when, as we know from the Scriptures, he ceases to restrict himself to farinaceous food—

The gravest aversion exists among bears
From rude forward persons who give themselves airs.
We know how some graceless young people were maul'd
For plaguing a Prophet, and calling him bald.

Strange ursine devotion! Their dancing days ended,
Bears die to "remove" what, in life, they defended.
They succour'd the Prophet, and, since that affair,
The bald have a painful regard for the bear.

It is curious that Thackeray, of all our novelists, should be almost the only one accused of breaking the thread of his stories by the introduction of his own personality. It was certainly a mistake: it is difficult enough to keep up the fiction of a fiction without the author's assurance that his characters are puppets; there is no fear of his reader being carried out of himself by the spell of the narrator. Snug the joiner was in error when he told his audience that he was no lion, and thereby deprived himself of the very small chance of being taken for the king of beasts. In a writer who wishes to have his tale taken for truth it is quite an inexplicable example of egotism. But Thackeray was by no means the only sinner in this respect. Henry Kingsley, even in the full sweep and swing of "Geoffrey Hamlyn," again and again risks the continuity of his story by these interruptions, which are still more frequent in his later works. They are also of constant occurrence in Trollope, with whom, however, mattered less, since description of character rather than plot was his forte. I remember Wilkie Collins once expressing astonishment at the number of novels he brought out. "How do you ever get the plots for them?" "Well," said the other, "I generally steal a bit of one of yours; a little morsel suffices me."

Everyone knows that Trollope was not good at plots, but I have never heard this introduction of his personality into his novels complained of. Yet "Dr. Thorne," for example, is full of it. "As Dr. Thorne is our hero, or, I should rather say, *my* hero—a privilege of selecting for themselves in this respect being left to all my readers—it is necessary that he should be introduced and explained and described in a proper formal manner. I quite feel that an apology is due for beginning a novel with two long, dull chapters full of description. I am perfectly aware of the danger of such a course. In so doing, I sin against the golden rule which requires us all to put our best foot foremost, the wisdom of which is fully recognised by novelists—myself among the number. It can hardly be expected that anyone will consent to go through with a fiction that offers so little of allurements in its first pages; but, twist as I will, I cannot do otherwise. I find that I cannot make poor Mr. Gresham hem and haw, and turn himself uneasily in his arm-chair in a natural manner till I have said why he is uneasy. I cannot bring in my doctor speaking his mind freely among the big-wigs till I have explained that it is in accordance with his usual character to do so. This is inartistic on my part, and shows want of imagination as well as want of skill. Whether or not I can atone for these faults by straightforward, simple, plain story-telling—that, indeed, is very doubtful." This is not a promising introduction from one who designs "to make the thing that is not as the thing that is," and it is greatly to the author's credit that "Doctor Thorne" is, nevertheless, one of his most charming novels. Trollope has more to answer for with regard to this coming before the curtain and pulling the strings of his puppets before the audience than any writer, though Thackeray has always been made the scapegoat for it.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Mr. Esmond has conceived a wild scheme, and his friends have given him hearty encouragement. There is always a fascination in youth, and the English temperament loves deeds of daring. Mr. Esmond's play seems to anticipate a course of the hypnotic drama. It is the herald of Trilby and Svengali. It brings us close to the old-fashioned table-turner and mesmerist. Our memories go back to D. D. Home and his disciples when a cherry-cheeked and venerable old gentleman is turned into a drunkard who died seventy years ago. It is a daring, but not a convincing play. Where Louis Stevenson failed on the stage the plucky young dramatist cannot hope to succeed. Having written such a play as "Bogey," Mr. Esmond was naturally anxious to act in it, not knowing what pitfalls awaited him. Youth is bold, but experience is not to be slighted. In the distant future Mr. Esmond may be able to do justice to his own creation, but not now. The actor wants force, subtlety, distinction, for a character that would tax the skill of a tragedian. But the audience refused to allow the young actor to fail. They cheered him on and encouraged him. They helped him when he was weakest. This may be good for the actor or bad. It may suggest to him that "Bogey" is a fine play and a fine piece of acting, which would be wrong; or it may persuade him to put on his considering cap and ask himself if he is ripe yet for hypnotic plays, Jekylls, Hydes, and Svengalis. In any circumstances, the play produced good art from Mr. Elliot, a first-class Scotchman; from Miss Eva Moore, who was simply delightful as a bright, innocent English girl; and from Miss Pattie Browne, who gave us a picture of a silver-haired lady which will be treasured by many a sympathetic playgoer.

There are two prominent fallacies in the theatrical world which are always being exposed, but are perpetually recurring. The one is that any given play, written in a popular and dramatic vein, is too good for any given theatre. The second fallacy is that the best play in the world cannot succeed at a theatre that has got a bad name through the misfortune of repeated failures. Let me deal with fallacy number one. For years past the critics of the superfine school have been girding at modern popular melodrama. There was nothing too bad to be said about it. The Adelphi and its spirited proprietors were held up to the scorn of scorn. Homely sentiment was decried; the whole essence of the popular play was condemned as the vulgarest claptrap. And yet when an honest effort is made to improve the tone of the entertainment, these same gentlemen, instead of saying, "Come, now! that is better; you are taking the advice we gave you," turn round and say, "Dear me! this is far too good for such a theatre as that; it is too high-class. Take it away, please, to the Lyceum or the Haymarket, or to some theatre where it will be appreciated and understood." My own experience is that no play is too good for any audience. The public is a common-sense public, and likes the best possible article at the least possible price, and when they find it they appreciate it. Nothing but this "levelling down" process kept the music-halls and the variety theatres in such a disgraceful state for so many years. Good music and good drama have worked their healthy way, and artists like Mr. Hermann Vezin do not disdain to amuse at the halls the people who can be educated and uplifted by art.

Mr. Arthur Boucher and Miss Violet Vanbrugh at their lovely little Royalty Theatre—half conservatory, half boudoir—have dispelled the second fallacy. The Royalty was considered as hopeless as it was helpless. I am told that furniture-makers and upholsterers refused to send in a tender for the Royalty. It was said that the Royalty was out of the way, when it is within one hundred yards of one of our finest new London avenues. All that the Royalty wanted was to be brightened up, to be electric-lighted, to obtain a young, energetic management, and, most important of all, to bring out a clever and amusing play. In a few short weeks all these things have been accomplished, and we shall certainly hear no more taunts and gibes at the expense of the famous little bijou theatre in Dean Street, Soho. Mr. Arthur Boucher has started his management successfully with a capital version of the latest Parisian success, "Monsieur le Directeur," and both he and Miss Violet Vanbrugh have distinguished themselves by their bright, neat, refined, and graceful comedy acting. The adaptors of "The Chili Widow" have been taken severely to task for changing the scene of the play from France to England. I am never in favour of the changing process if the play can be made as interesting in a French dress as in an English one. There is much to be said on both sides. Now, would "Monsieur le Directeur" have been as interesting to an English audience had it given us merely a view of French official life? Candidly, I do not think so. It has been said: "Oh! but this is not a bit like an English Government office. It is preposterous, improbable, and absurd!" To which I reply: "But was the scene in the French play a bit like a real

Parisian Government office? Was that not also, from the realistic point of view, improbable and absurd? Did the first authors intend the scene to be strictly accurate or a caricature? Surely a caricature. The whole thing is a farce with a dash now and then of very excellent comedy." The strangest circumstance to me is that people insist upon going into a fishmonger's shop to buy a sole, and come out grumbling because it is not a mutton-chop. Who in the world supposes that farces are probable? Why, their very improbability is half their fun. The outline of the idea may be probable, but the details of it are of necessity exaggeration. But the play teems with little bits of comic character. The best of these is the heartbroken cook, played to perfection by Miss Kate Phillips, an instance of true comedy that will live long in the memory. Then we have Mr. Blakeley at his very best, capital fun and true sketches from Mark Kinghorne and Ernest Hendrie, and Miss Irene Vanbrugh in a character to which she does full justice, making the house roar with laughter.

Miss Clo Graves is a poet, and paints her world with the beautiful colours of a rare and delightful imagination. Her play, "Dr. and Mrs. Neill," is a charming work; it has the great advantage of two sensitive and sympathetic artists in Mr. Brandon Thomas and Miss Kate Rorke, who have the gift of moving an audience to tears; indeed, both the play and the players lead us to higher and better thoughts, and lift us out of the selfishness and sordidness of the life that is around us. This is surely one of the great purposes of playing; this is one of the sweetest gifts



H.R.H. PRINCESS ALEXANDRA LOUISE OLGA VICTORIA OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA,
BETROTHED TO THE HEREDITARY PRINCE OF HOHENLOHE-LANGENBURG.

of the drama. The realistic say, "No, no; paint life as you find it, men and women as you know them; strip the glitter from the gold, the sheen from the lily. Art has nothing to do with the beautiful, only with the beastly. Fill your bookshelves with the erotic maunderings of unsexed and godless women; fill your theatre with the plays that dissect and carve and lay bare social ulcers; but never take a rose-coloured view of this wretched and deplorable thing called life." Against such doctrines Miss Clo Graves makes a very beautiful and a very womanly protest. Honestly, I do not care to be very critical about so delightful a play, which charmed and delighted me, but I think I have discovered the little blot in the work which alone causes any criticism at all. What necessity was there for the reconciliation between the old Doctor and his butterfly wife at the end of the first act? Such a reconciliation virtually ends the play. There is no more to be said. It is all very well for the dear old Doctor to say, "I forgive you. For the future preserve my honour"; but having won such a forgiveness the first thing the wife would do would be to go down on her knees and declaim the suffrage of the prayer of prayers, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." But what does Mrs. Neill do? She keeps the temptation defiantly by her side, robbing her of all sympathy, and positively giving sympathy to her young lover. Who can help sympathising with him when she turns round and rates him for doing exactly what she with determination tempted him to do. I think the reconciliation at the end of the first act should be partial, not actual. It should be indefinite, not declared. Such a subject will bear a very little "comic relief," as it is called. The lighter vein is skilfully touched by Miss Beatrice Lamb and Mr. E. W. Gardiner.

YACHT RACES FOR THE AMERICA CUP.

On Saturday, Sept. 7, the first of five races which are to decide the winner of the America Cup took place over a thirty-mile course off the New Jersey coast. Lord Dunraven's yacht, *Valkyrie III.*, at first took the lead, though both vessels were incommenced by the close contact of excursion steamers. A fresh wind, however, came to the aid of the American yacht, *Defender*, which eventually won by 8 min. 49 sec. The result, of course, delighted Americans, but, on the other hand, it was also admitted by British yachtsmen to have been a satisfactory race, except as regards the crowding of steamers along the course. The second race took place over a triangular course from Sandy Hook light-ship on Sept. 10. The yachts had been previously re-measured, with the result of adding two seconds to the time allowance of the *Defender*. The course was drawn from Sandy Hook ten miles to two marked points seaward, north-east and north-west; there was a light, variable, south-westerly breeze, but some mist, and a comparatively smooth sea. The race was not much obstructed this time by steamers, the number of which was only about one-third of those, assembled on the first day. At starting, *Defender* was accidentally fouled by *Valkyrie III.* and deprived of her topmast shrouds on the starboard side, upon which she hoisted a flag of protest, as the topmast appeared to be strained, and she could not risk her jib topsail upon it. She was sailed by Captain Haff, and *Valkyrie III.* by Captain Cranfield. The latter soon got the lead, and kept it, finishing the course, however, in 3 hours 55 min. 9 sec., which was 48 sec. less than *Defender*. The protest of the latter against this race must be decided by the Cup Committee.

We present companion Illustrations of the two yachts, the dimensions of which have now been published since the official measurements. *Valkyrie III.* has a full length of 186.02 ft., but her sailing length is 101.49 ft., while that of *Defender* is 100.36 ft.; and the sail area of *Valkyrie III.* is 114.14 ft., against 112.26 ft. for *Defender*; hence the time allowance, now fixed at 31 1-10 sec., in favour of the latter. She was built for a New York syndicate—Mr. Oliver Iselin and others—by Mr. Herreshoff, of Rhode Island.

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA
OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA.

We have to congratulate the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha (so long popular among us as the Duke of Edinburgh) and his wife on the betrothal of their third daughter. Princess Alexandra Louise Olga Victoria, who became on Sept. 9 the affianced bride of the Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe Langenburg, was born on Sept. 1, 1878, so that she has just passed her seventeenth birthday. She is one of the quartet of charming daughters of the Duke and Duchess, and the younger sister of Princess Ferdinand of Roumania and the Grand Duchess of Hesse. She acted as bridesmaid, it will be remembered, at the weddings of both her sisters, but otherwise has not come into public notice. His Highness Ernest William, Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, is thirty-two years old, having been born at Langenburg on Sept. 13, 1863. He has been an Attaché, and afterwards Secretary at the German Embassy in London, which positions brought him into frequent acquaintance with the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and his family. The Prince is a lieutenant in the Prussian army and is a relative of Prince Hohenlohe, the Imperial Chancellor.

BARNET FAIR.

One of the last of the great fairs which used to be so popular in the neighbourhood of London is that which is still annually held at Barnet. The fair took place on Sept. 5 and 6, the latter day being that devoted, according to old custom, to "pleasure," variously provided, in the shape of merry-go-rounds, coconut shies, shooting galleries, etc. Birds deftly selected the happiest fortunes; confectionery of all shapes and tastes tempted juveniles; side-shows allured those who walked within sound of the many voices proclaiming their merits. It was an extraordinary sight at night, with the glare of naphtha, the din of brass instruments, and the moving crowds, ever ready to witness some new thing.

THE CHANNEL FLEET.

The visit of the Channel Fleet to the Forth has excited great interest. Among the vessels were the *Royal Sovereign*, the *Empress of India*, the *Repulse*, the *Resolution*, the *Blenheim*, the *Endymion*, the *Bellona*, the *Halcyon*, and the *Speedy*. Much kindly hospitality was shown to the fleet, which, on the conclusion of its visit to the Forth, proceeded to Berwick. Thence it went to Sunderland, and it was expected to leave for Scarborough on Sept. 13.



CONTEST FOR THE AMERICA CUP: THE BRITISH YACHT, "VALKYRIE III."



CONTEST FOR THE AMERICA CUP: THE AMERICAN YACHT, "DEFENDER."

PERSONAL.

The German Emperor is still fulminating against the Socialists. He says there are Germans who not only insult the memory of the Emperor William the Great, but even set themselves against the "divine system of ordering the universe." This assumption that the German monarchy and every ebullition of the Kaiser's impatience are divine ordinances makes the ordinary student of human affairs smile. It is no smiling matter, however, for the German editors who venture to criticise the Kaiser, and who are being arrested wholesale.

Mr. John White, whose death occurred at Eastbourne on Sept. 5, was one of the most widely known men in the newspaper publishing world. Starting as a youth in the service of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son, he rose from quite a subordinate position to be bookstall-keeper at Northampton and at Rugby. From the latter post he was promoted by the late Right Hon. W. H. Smith to be his personal secretary and private clerk, and he subsequently attained rapidly to the responsible position of head of the counting-house and news department of the large business in the Strand. In this capacity he was constantly brought into contact with the publishers of the London and provincial newspapers and the officials of railway companies, and to these gentlemen Mr. White's invariable courtesy is well known. Mr. White's kindness to young men was unbounded, and no one in trouble who approached him ever found him withhold his practical sympathy and advice, or refuse substantial aid. Apart from his business life, Mr. White identified himself actively with the work of the Young Men's Christian Association, and was ever ready to support any movement which had for its aim the welfare of young men.

The proffered resignation of the Dean of St. David's is at length announced, and a long and honourable career in the service of the Welsh Church has come to a close. The Very Rev. James Allen, who took his degree at Cambridge as long ago as 1825, has given his life to the work of the Church in the Principality, and there are few names more honoured than his among Welsh Churchmen. He was devotedly attached to his quaint old cathedral, and he lived in a very modest style indeed in order that he might have something to spend upon the fabric and the better keep up the services, but the pretty little stories about cooking his own food may be regarded more in the light of embroidery than anything else. The income of the deanery is not large—only £700 per annum—and it will be difficult for the Bishop of St. David's (for the Welsh deaneries are in the gift of the Bishops and not of the Crown) to find a suitable successor. It would be a graceful thing to offer it to the Suffragan Bishop of Swansea if he could see his way to accept it, for there are few men who have done better service in South Wales, and he is popular in all parts of the Principality.

Some injustice has been done to the Lord Mayor by the comments on his visit to President Faure. It was surely no indiscretion on his part to express the hope that in the event of a visit by the President to England, the Corporation would have the opportunity of entertaining the Chief Magistrate of the Republic. That was a perfectly natural expression of cordial goodwill by the representative of a great civic body. M. Faure said that no question of a visit to England had arisen, and there the matter dropped, with polite assurances on both sides. To say that Sir Joseph Renals took upon himself the unauthorised mission of a diplomatist is absurd. He paid the President a friendly call, and his compliment to M. Faure was a piece of good manners which some of the Lord Mayor's critics seem unable to appreciate.

The oratory at Bordeaux during the visit of the Lord Mayor appears to have been unusually poetical. Sir Joseph Renals is reported to have said that he wished the Channel were narrower, for then the French would visit England in their thousands. Only the *mal de mer* prevented a complete fraternity of two great peoples. The Mayor of Bordeaux, not to be outdone, declared that his guest knew how to appreciate the "delicious wines of the Gironde, which were the best fitted to promote friendship and dissipate discords." If the Mayor of Bordeaux will send over a sufficient quantity of his best liquor, we may be able to effect a complete harmony with our French neighbours.

The agitation for the reunion of Christendom is not confined to the Grindelwald Conference. Mr. Hugh Price Hughes has made a notable proposal at Grindelwald for an educational concordat. He suggests that the Apostles' Creed shall be taken as the basis of religious education in all public rate-aided schools. This has caused considerable stir, but it cannot be said that the reception of the proposal by Nonconformists in general augurs anything like a peaceful agreement.

Archbishop Benson has issued a pastoral in the form of a letter to the *Times*. It is a reply, somewhat belated, to the Pope's Encyclical about the conversion of England, and it scarcely adds to the public information. The Primate is full of benevolence towards other Churches, but holds out no practical assurances of reunion. Cardinal Vaughan is also benignant, but he says flatly that reunion is possible only by the incorporation of Protestantism in

the Roman Church. This is to be effected by degrees by the conversion of individuals, by the gradual breakdown of that English "pride" which is the chief obstacle to the saving influences of grace.

Sir Joseph West Ridgeway, the new Governor of Ceylon in succession to Sir Arthur Havelock, has a distinguished record for services in India. He controlled the affairs of Rajpootana and the Eastern States for some years, took a prominent part in the Afghan War in 1879, and served as Under Foreign Secretary to the Indian Government. He helped Sir Peter Lumsden to delimit the Afghan frontier. Coming to England, he was appointed Under Secretary at Dublin Castle, with that interesting abruptness so characteristic of the British Government in shifting officials from one atmosphere to another. Sir Joseph knew much about Afghanistan, and very little of Ireland; but he was an energetic official at the Castle. When Mr. Morley returned to the Irish Office, Sir Joseph West Ridgeway was sent on a mission to Morocco. Another turn of the official whirligig made him Governor of the Isle of Man, and now he is Governor of Ceylon. Such a career effectually disproves the proverb that a rolling stone gathers no moss. Sir Arthur Havelock is the new Governor of Madras.

We have been hearing a good deal of European juvenile sovereigns lately. The King of Spain has, according to a "Court newsmen," grown sententious as to ingratitude, "the badge of all our tribe." Then the young King of Serbia is about to receive a warmer welcome than usual from his subjects on his return to Serbia. The Serbs are glad that he escaped death by drowning the other day, but would be still more pleased to hear of the King's betrothal. All kinds of matrimonial rumours are being circulated about Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands.

The juvenile King of Spain has made his first sea voyage, and beaten a Bishop at billiards. The voyage was in a gun-boat from San Sebastian to Biarritz, no great distance, to be sure, though if the King of Spain should be pleased to think it a thousand miles, nobody in Spain will be so unpatriotic as to contradict him. Moreover, he was not sea-sick, and his governess was, thus showing herself an inferior mortal. As for the Bishop, he was much too excellent a son of the Church to have the presumption to conquer his sovereign with a cue.

Grave apprehension is felt as to the fate of Mr. Mummery, who has been mountaineering in the Himalayas. Mr. Mummery is the author of "My Climbs in the Alps and the Caucasus," and one of the most expert and daring mountaineers of the age. He must not be confused with Dr. Momerie, who has climbed the peaks of theological dogma, and come down.

Khama, the Chief of the Bechuanas, is in England, and has made a very favourable impression on public opinion. He is evidently a man of great intelligence and determination, and a native ruler of exceptional capacity. His story of the drink traffic in Bechuanaland is specially instructive. The consumption of spirits was absolutely prohibited, but it was found necessary to allow the natives to brew their own beer. Khama will have no rum in his country; and that is a resolve in which he is sustained by public opinion in England, without distinction of party.

"My dear Justin" has gained a notable victory over Mr. Healy. The contest in South Kerry ended in the election of Mr. Farrell, the McCarthyite Nationalist, by an overwhelming majority. This has given Mr. McCarthy an opportunity for another manifesto, of a jubilant character, but Mr. Healy is not yet equal to the situation. To the average Englishman the South Kerry election is puzzling—like the battle of Blenheim to old Caspar; but 'twas a famous victory.

Mr. Keir Hardie has made a characteristic exhibition at Chicago. Invited to address a meeting of Methodist ministers, he thought the occasion suitable for a vindication of the Chicago Anarchists, whom he called the "pioneers of a new religion." This was too much for the Methodist ministers, who interrupted the speech with such vehement objections that Mr. Keir Hardie "withdrew in high dudgeon." To be angry because you are not allowed to praise assassins and condemn their executioners in the presence of ministers of the Gospel, is a little unreasonable; but then Mr. Keir Hardie despises reason as the enemy of the "new religion."

Miss Emily Soldene, a name very familiar to playgoers of the last generation, is on a visit to this country. The distinguished actress, who was one of the earliest, if not the very first, to organise a provincial tour on its present lines, has for some years been living in Australia. Her pen has been seldom idle during this period, and her recollections of "other days" are as interesting as they are valuable.

There is a new and curious agitation against the Free Libraries Act. It is prompted by a citizen who holds that when a poll is taken on the question of instituting a free library, everybody who does not take the trouble to register his vote shall be counted as if he had voted against the proposal. This modest proposition is supplemented by another. When the free library is adopted, the library rate shall not be levied on the householders who voted against it. It would be as rational to urge that taxes imposed by a majority of the House of Commons shall not be levied on the minority.

We have given up our railway-racing, which was a very foolish amusement, but there are railway directors in America who seem nettled by the "records" of the Scotch expresses. Trains are to be run on one of the American lines to show us what speed really is. This must be interesting to the passengers, who, no doubt, are too patriotic and sportsmanlike to betray any apprehension.

One of the oldest living politicians is the Right Hon. Spencer Horatio Walpole, who attained his eighty-ninth birthday on Sept. 11. Mr. Walpole was a member of the House of Commons for thirty-six years, first representing Midhurst, and latterly, until 1882, Cambridge University. He thrice held the office of Home Secretary, and during the last period he was brought into much public notice owing to his action as to the Reform riots in Hyde

Park. Mr. Walpole was sworn a member of the Privy Council as long ago as February 1852, so that he is almost the senior member of that distinguished body. The Right Hon. C. P. Villiers, M.P., became a Privy Councillor one year later than Mr. Walpole, whose Parliamentary record, however, he has quite eclipsed. Both these gentlemen enjoy, as they deserve, "first class" pensions, and both still take an interest in current affairs, although they have so long passed from the active sphere of politics.

The Three Choirs' Festival began at Gloucester on Sept. 10 with the customary ceremonial. The performance of "Elijah" in the Cathedral was very fine. A curiously appropriate downfall of rain accompanied the splendid choir's singing of "The summer days are over." In the evening, Mozart's lovely "Requiem" was given with success by Miss Anna Williams (most reliable of festival vocalists), Miss Jessie King, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. Watkin Mills. Purcell's "Te Deum," of which Dr. Bridge has an interesting story to tell, was given in its original form, and Mr. Mills's resonant voice was heard with special effect. Miss Jessie King, too, enhanced her reputation by her careful singing.

It was a happy idea on the part of the authorities at Munich to arrange simultaneously with the Wagnerian Cyclus, which is at present occupying the attention of musicians in Germany, a series of performances of Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro," or, as it is there called, "Figaro's Hochzeit." "Nothing," writes a correspondent from Munich in connection with this event, "could have been more satisfactory than the mounting and acting of this most delightful of comic operas. I heard the same work this season at Covent Garden with singers so renowned as Madame Eames, Madame Sembrich, Mdle. Engle, and M. Maurel. Nevertheless, the net result was not nearly so delightful or artistically complete as that of the German performance. The German singers could not, of course, individual for individual, compare with the singers engaged by Sir Augustus Harris; yet, by the carefulness and conscientiousness of their playing, as by the intelligence with which each one acted, as it were, into the hands of each, a perfect and finished effect was achieved. The work became intelligible drama, not the excuse for an occasional pose before the footlights."

Apropos of the Munich opera, on Sunday, Sept. 8, the second round of the great Wagnerian Cyclus started upon its slow course with a performance of "Die Feen," Wagner's earliest and least interesting work. Nevertheless, if mounting and the energy of the performers could have made it interesting, everything in this respect was done to attain that issue. The final tableau of the Fairy Kingdom, to which Arindal is welcomed after his confusing but terrible trials, was a miracle of stage-management. It partook, indeed, of the nature of a pantomime transformation scene, as the fairies rose from hidden borders, and sprang from sleeping flowers, and "greeneries Elysian" seemed to steal as if by magic from every quarter of the scene; but all was so reasonably accomplished, as if with a purpose, and the colour and lighting were both so exquisite that one quickly forgot the customary overloading and wantonly decorative effects of the pantomime in the presence of so well-ordered a scene. On Monday, Sept. 9, a performance of "Rienzi" was given, and during the week performances of later works by the same composer were arranged for.

The President of the Trade Union Congress, which has lately concluded its meetings at Cardiff, had no easy task in acting as chairman at a period when trade unionists have reached "the parting of the ways." However, Mr. Jenkins came unscathed through the ordeal, and won compliments from every section of the Congress for his "imperturbable impassiveness." His address was not very striking, for he is a man of action rather than of words. He is a member of the Town Council of Cardiff, and one of that honourable band of working men who have been elevated to the bench of magistrates. That he enjoys the confidence of his fellow-workmen is shown by the fact that Mr. Jenkins is President of the local Trade Council.

The upshot of the Trade Union Congress at Cardiff is that the Norwich resolution in favour of Socialism has not been formally rescinded, but its supporters are plainly in a minority. The older unions, which now have the control of the Congress, have no sympathy with the views of the Independent Labour Party, which were denounced in good set terms by the President of the Congress, Mr. Jenkins. The revolution in the standing orders, which transfers the balance of power absolutely to the chief corporations among the working men, was mainly brought about by Mr. John Burns, who has struck a blow at the feather-headed Socialists from which they are not likely to recover.

A very pleasant and novel soirée was given the other day in intellectual Haslemere. Captain Younghusband was persuaded to tell the story of the Chitral campaign before quite a brilliant company. His narrative was exceedingly graphic, and at its conclusion Major-General Sir Richard Pollock, K.C.S.I., proposed a vote of thanks to the gallant Captain. Sir Richard mentioned that he had been in Chitral many years ago.



Photo Burt Sharp, Brighton.

THE LATE MR. JOHN WHITE.

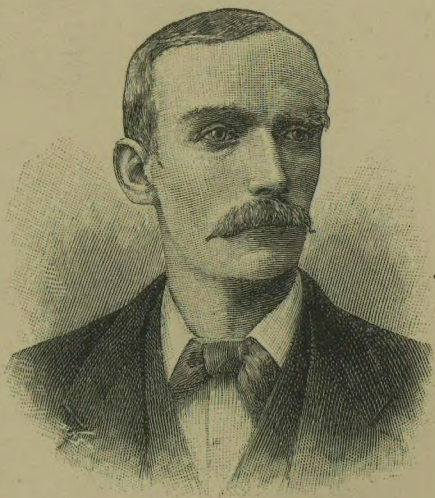


Photo London Studio, Cardiff.

MR. JOHN JENKINS.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen is at Balmoral, accompanied by Princess Beatrice (Princess Henry of Battenberg) and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and has been visited by the Duke and Duchess of York. Lord Cross has arrived to be Minister in attendance on her Majesty.

The Prince of Wales on Tuesday, Sept. 10, visited his brother, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, at Reinhardtshaus.

The prorogation of Parliament, which was performed on Thursday, Sept. 5, has been immediately followed by a total cessation of political movements and demonstrations.

The election for South Kerry, on Sept. 7, resulted in the return of Mr. T. G. Farrell, the McCarthyite candidate, by 1209 votes, against the Healyite candidate, Mr. W. Murphy, who polled 474.

The appointment of Sir Arthur Havelock to be Governor of Madras, and that of Sir Joseph West Ridgeway to succeed him in the government of Ceylon, have this week been officially announced.

A conference in favour of "fiscal reform," meaning the imposition of moderate protective import duties to the advantage of British industries, was held on Sept. 6, at the Westminster Palace Hotel, presided over by the Right Hon. James Lowther, M.P.; they passed resolutions accordingly.

The Board of Agriculture has issued the second part of the returns for Great Britain during the year which ended last June, showing the area cultivated for wheat crops this year to be 1,417,641 acres, which is a decrease of 510,321 acres compared with the preceding twelvemonth; an increase of 36,763 acres in the cultivation of potatoes, an increase of 181,527 acres in hay from clover and rotation grass, but a decrease of 91,000 acres in hay from permanent grass land; an increase of 7223 in cattle, but a decrease of 69,305 in sheep; the total number of cattle being 6,354,333, and the total number of sheep, 25,792,195; there is an increase of 494,405 in pigs. The increase of live stock (cattle) is in England, not in Scotland, and Ireland is not included in this return.

The trade returns for the month of August are satisfactory, as were those for July. The exports of British produce were to the value of £20,481,495, to be compared with £18,581,240 in Aug. 1894, and £19,530,178 in Aug. 1893, the improvement being chiefly in textiles, woollen, cotton, linen, silk, clothing and haberdashery. The imports amounted to £28,421,603, which was nearly £800,000 over those of August 1894, besides a large increase of bullion and specie. On the whole, the month's trade was 11 per cent. above that of the corresponding month of last year. The excess of imports over exports which was observed last year has been slightly reduced during the eight months of 1895.

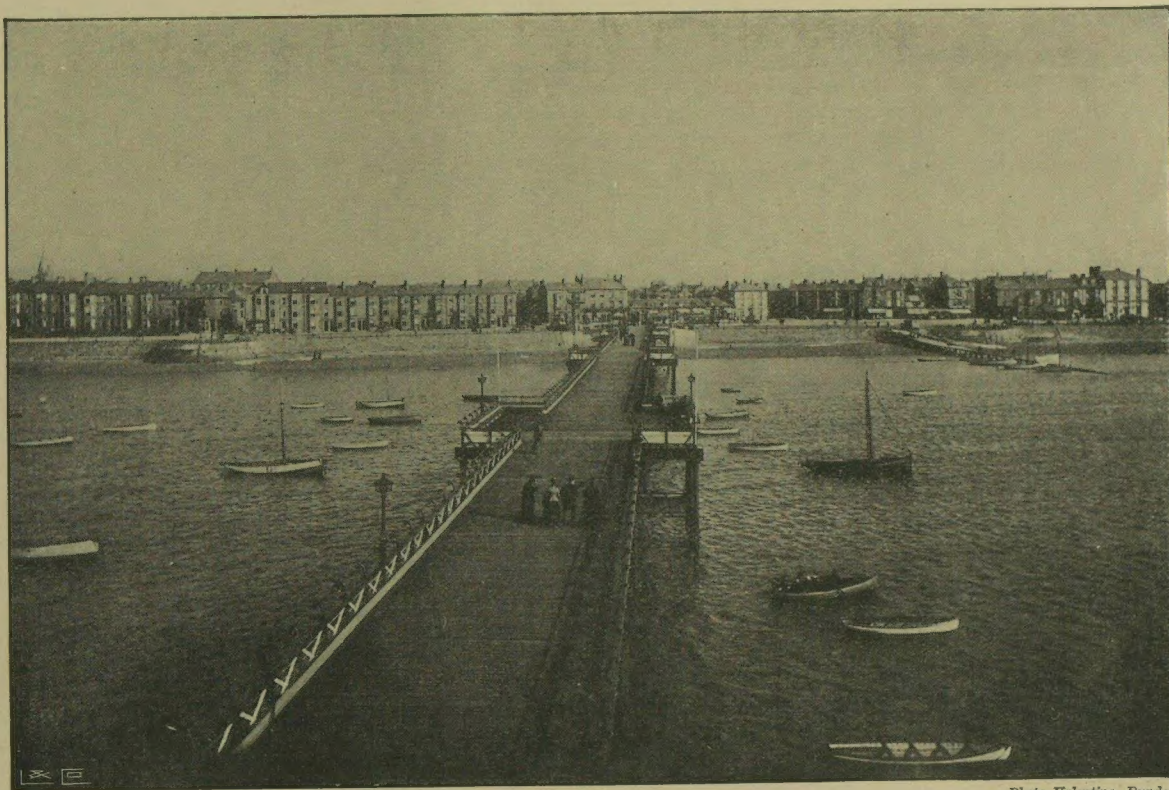
The Trade Union Congress at Cardiff terminated on Sept. 7, with resolutions in favour of the Eight Hours Bill for Miners; liberty for Post-Office servants and all others in Government employ to form trade unions; abolition of child labour in all factories and workshops; further amendment of the Truck Acts; full trade union rates of wages, and minimum of 24s. a week for labourers, to be the conditions of establishments getting any Government work; right of distraint for wages, as of a landlord for rent, in case of the stoppage of any mill or works making no provision for payment of wages; investment of trade union funds in farms and other industrial undertakings, with a view to providing employment for members who may be victimised; legal responsibility of employers for loss or damage to workmen's tools by fire while on the premises of the employers; and to have the hours of work in bake-houses limited to forty-eight a week; this, also, to be scheduled as an unhealthy trade under the Home Office regulations. The Congress further resolved that in all legislative enactments concerning labour, hours of work, and remuneration, there should be no distinction made as to the sex of the persons employed, but perfect equality of treatment. It was agreed to send three delegates to the Convention of the American Federation of Labour in February next at New York.

The Lord Mayor of London, Sir Joseph Renals, arrived in Paris, with Lady Renals, on Friday evening, Sept. 6, and stayed at the Grand Hotel. He received next morning a deputation from the British Chamber of Commerce in Paris, and a deputation from the Municipal Council of Paris. He went, at three o'clock in the afternoon, to visit the President of the French Republic, M. Félix Faure, at the Elysée Palace. His Lordship, who was accompanied by Major Parkington, afterwards called on the Marquis of Dufferin, the British Ambassador. In the evening the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress visited the theatre of the Comédie Française. On Sunday, at noon, his Lordship went to lunch with M. Hanotaux, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, where he met Lord Dufferin, Mr. Eustis, the United States Minister, and the members of the Metrical Conference. The Lord Mayor has left Paris for Bordeaux, intending to spend three days in visiting the principal vineyards of the Médoc, Sauterne, and St. Emilion districts, with a view to commercial arrangements. On Tuesday he visited the Bordeaux Exhibition, and was

entertained by the Prefect of the Gironde with an official dinner. The English residents at Bordeaux presented him with a bronze statuette. It is announced that the French Government will bestow upon his Lordship the decoration of the Legion of Honour.

The sculling race for the championship of England was rowed on Monday, Sept. 9, over the course from Putney to Mortlake. It was won very easily by C. R. Harding, of Chelsea, the holder of the English professional championship, defeating T. Sullivan, of Hammersmith, late of Auckland, New Zealand. The time was twenty-two minutes and fifty-nine seconds.

The Irish Golfing Union and the Royal Portrush Golf Club on Tuesday entered upon a combined golf meeting of first-rate importance. Since its introduction into Ireland some years ago the game has made tremendous strides in the country, and now Irish golfers are able to provide a tournament which almost vies in interest with the recognised amateur and professional championships. At its inception in 1892 Mr. Alexander Stuart, of the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers, carried off the honour of the inaugural Irish Championship, and for the succeeding two years Mr. John Ball, jun., defeated all comers at Newcastle and Dublin. This year Mr. Ball has again appeared to defend his title. To endeavour to wrest the honour from the Hoylake golfer a larger number of amateurs have come forward. There were in all sixty-four competitors against thirty-six at Dublin last year. On the other hand, the field was scarcely so strong in individual talent. The striking feature of the tournament so far has been the defeat of Mr. Ball in the second round by a young local player, Mr. R. Gilroy, the son of a well-known Scottish golfer now resident in Ireland. Mr. Ball's victor is only eighteen years of age, and was born at Monifieth, in Forfarshire, although he has spent the last ten years of his life in Ireland.



MORECAMBE BAY AND PIER: SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT ON SEPTEMBER 9.

Photo Valentine, Dundee.

The police of Paris have not yet been able to find the conspirators who sent the explosive packet of nitro-glycerine pasteboard, through the post-office, to Baron Alfred Rothschild; but another criminal attempt has been made by flinging a metal case, filled with some perilous compound, into the porch of Messrs. Rothschild's bank, in the Rue Lafitte. The man who did this has been arrested, and proves to be an engine-fitter by trade, named Victor, lately dismissed from the workshops of the Northern Railway of France; he was formerly a soldier in a regiment of Algerian sharpshooters, and is a native of the Lozère, in the South of France.

The trial of M. Felix Martin, a director of the Southern Railway of France, and Messrs. Bobin and André, two of its administrative staff, for embezzling the company's funds, began on Sept. 9 in the Assize Court at Paris, and is exciting much attention; the accused, M. Martin, alleging that Baron Reinach was responsible for some of the acts referred to in this indictment. Baron Reinach is charged by French politicians with extensive Parliamentary corruptions in the affairs of companies.

President Faure and General Zurlinden, the Minister of War, have been attending the military manoeuvres in the Department of the Vosges. The Russian General Dragomiroff is also attending these manoeuvres.

The German Emperor William II. has been visiting Pomerania for the military manoeuvres, at which the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria was present. The Emperor William, after reviewing the troops of the 2nd Army Corps, banqueting with the provincial authorities at Stettin, and receiving, with the Empress, many local demonstrations of loyalty, embarked at Swinemünde on board his steam-yacht *Hohenzollern* to see the naval manoeuvres of the German fleet in the Baltic.

The Emperor William has issued a rescript thanking all who have taken part in the recent celebrations of the anniversary of Sedan. He concludes by expressing a hope that "a people which thus honours its dead and is so mindful of its past will ever stand loyally by Emperor and Empire, and will know how to resist those unpatriotic enemies of the divine system of order in the world, who, even in these days of national enthusiasm, have dared to

raise their heads, and have not hesitated to insult the memory of the Great Emperor, and to offend thereby the German people in its noblest associations and feelings."

An International Agricultural Congress was opened at Brussels on Sept. 9 under the presidency of M. Cartuyvels, welcomed and addressed by M. de Bruyn, the Belgian Minister of Agriculture, and attended by four hundred delegates, representing almost every country of Europe.

An International Congress of Physiologists has been opened at Berne, to occupy several days. Germany and Great Britain send the largest contingents of members. There are eighty-two papers to be read, most of them, it is said, treating of mental physiology.

The Porte announced on Saturday, Sept. 7, to the British, French, and Russian Embassies at Constantinople, the extent of concessions which the Turkish Government will yield with respect to the reform of the administration of the Armenian provinces. It will not have any Christian to be appointed to the offices either of Vali or Mutessarif; but other administrative officials, Mohammedan or Christian, may be appointed in proportion to the population, and Christians may be officers of the gendarmes. The Mudirs are to be elected by the Councils of Elders. A rural constabulary is to be established. There is to be a permanent Turkish Committee of Control, sitting at the Porte, to superintend the application of these reforms and to communicate directly with the three foreign Embassies.

THE MORECAMBE BAY DISASTER.

On the sea-coast of North Lancashire, within a few miles of the town of Lancaster, lies the shore of Morecambe Bay, which has given the name of Morecambe to a small holiday watering-place that has grown up there since the railway brought it into communication with the Lancashire and Yorkshire manufacturing towns. Here, on Monday, Sept. 9, at eleven in the morning, the landing-stage at the end of the pleasure-pier, which projects far into the sea, was crowded with people, waiting to get on board the steam-boat *Express*, for an excursion to Blackpool. Part of the floor of this structure, composed of iron gratings supported by iron piers too slender for the unusual weight of such a throng, suddenly broke down beneath them; about fifty men, women, and children were thrown into the water. It was not deep enough, on all sides, to drown them immediately, and many of them clung to the undamaged parts of the landing-stage, or to the pier, until they could be relieved, there being no high waves. But the fall or shock had probably stunned a few of the weaker, and others had suffered contusions of the limbs, which made them unable to stand, while some, endeavouring to reach the steam-boat, got into deep water. An elderly lady, Mrs. Ralph, of Carlisle, was taken up drowned and laid upon the deck of the steam-boat. Several other women, unconscious

and almost lifeless when they were lifted out of the water, presently revived; but Clara Illingworth, wife of the caretaker of the Methley Board School, near Leeds, and a young man named Priestley, were drowned, their bodies not being recovered until low tide in the evening. Fractured legs and severe lacerations were suffered by three or four ladies, and there was one case of concussion of the spine, besides many injuries from the effects of the shock, or of the immersion, which might prove more or less serious. Yet the disaster might easily have caused a much greater loss of life.

THE OUTWARD TIDE.

They took her birds away because they sang;
Her kitten's bells: and then they gather'd round,
But, through the window still the music rang
Of many waves, in melodies of sound.

They saw her pictures smile about the room—
The faces she had painted into life;
The oaken bureau in the crimson'd gloom
With its wrought stores to grace her when a wife.

And he who lov'd her watch'd the alter'd face,
That did not flush nor dimple at his touch;
Whilst God's red sunrise fill'd the sacred place,
And lit the once proud head that droop'd so much.

Dim thoughts like these rose to the rainbow sky:—
"The years have made us one in heart and mind:
I shall be wanting her until I die—
And seeking always what I cannot find."

The waves lapp'd lightly on the shingl'd shore,
And toss'd the tinted shells and weeds about—
Then, with a swelling song, wash'd back once more,
And, with the tide, a little life went out!

EDITH RUTTER.



PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.

THE COURAGE OF PAULINE CAMACHO.

BY MORLEY ROBERTS.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

CHAPTER V.

PAULINE.

Pauline, though she was certainly beautiful in her way, and though she had received a good deal of flattering attention from young men, was as natural as any girl can be in more or less conventional surroundings, and she had all the confidence of a pet lamb without its cheek and insolence.

It is true that her instincts occasionally made her quail and tremble as one might who feels the quiver of the earth in a seismic disturbance; but, as a general rule, she was just happy and content to live without too much exercise of painful thought. The disease of contemplative consideration of things had not laid hold of her yet. With luck she might even escape the measles of a metaphysical period altogether.

Yet, of course, she had her notions of the right and proper thing to do. When her time came she would marry. But that was just as if she had said—

"When I am old I shall have grey hair. And when I am very old I shall die."

For love was an end in itself so far, and robed in mists which she could not see through. Her notion of the man was man in the abstract, and, consequently, like nothing concrete she had ever met in the streets of San Francisco. He walked in dream-land, and never showed his face distinctly.

Certainly he hadn't a red beard and red sash, and when he rode it was not on an evil-tempered Californian broncho; and yet she was soon on very good terms with Jack Bevis.

For the second day of her visit she met him in the barn lot. He was without his red sash, and his hat was the very deuce of a hat.

But he carried it with a devil-may-care air that made one forget the holes in it and the grease-marks.

"Why, Mr. Bevis," she said, and Jack, who was going by with no more than a respectful salute, stopped at once.

"Why, what are you doing here?"

Jack looked down on her and bit his lip.

"I'm the stableman, Miss Camacho."

"What are you doing it for, Mr. Bevis?" she asked, evidently very much puzzled.

"For twenty dollars a month and my grub," said Jack, in the most matter-of-fact way.

"But I thought——"

Jack laughed.

"You thought I was quite respectable because I used to go to the opera, eh? Your uncle always gave me the tickets."

"I didn't quite mean that," said the girl; but thinking she had talked enough with him, she added, "Can you tell me where I could find some eggs?"

Jack turned towards the stable.

"If you will come with me I'll show you where you can always find some. I cache what I find in one place, for Lorenzo sucks all he can lay his paws on."

And he showed her a hoard in the first manger of his stable.

"Any time you want some you'll find them here," said Jack, and when she had taken a dozen, and they were outside again in the sunlight he lifted his hat and strode off without looking round.

Pauline went straight to her aunt after leaving the eggs in the kitchen.

"Auntie, how did you get such a stableman? Why, he's a gentleman!" she asked.

"I don't mind, so long as he does his work, if he's the ex-President," said Mrs. Hope. "But how did you find that out, Pauline?"

"I met him at San Francisco," said the girl. "He was always at the opera. And uncle knew him."

She didn't tell Mrs. Hope that her uncle had given Jack the tickets.

"It was your uncle sent him here," said the mistress of the ranch; "and he's a very good worker. Mind you don't talk with him too much."

And she relapsed into a big account-book.

"It was he who sang that song last night," thought Pauline, and she tried to remember the words of it.

"I'll ask him," she said when she found she couldn't recall them. And she did next morning, when she caught him milking.



Carrying her into the garden, he laid her down under a big oak-tree.

"What are the words of the song in 'Il Trovatore,' Mr. Bevis?"

"Which song, Miss Camacho? Stay still, you beast!" he said to the cow, which a fly disturbed. Pauline hummed the air.

"I can't remember quite," said Jack, "but it begins 'Il balen del suo sorriso, D'una stella' something or other."

"And what does it mean?"

"The charm of her smile is brighter than a star," or words to that effect. I don't know much Italian except swear-words," said the milker from behind the cow.

"But it was you who sang it the other night?"

And the cow nearly knocked the pail over.

"Stand still, you devil—I beg your pardon, Miss Camacho—yes, I sang it I believe, or else it was Lorenzo."

And the rhythmic sound of the milk in the pails continued.

Pauline stood and looked on with great interest.

"Do you like cows, and where did you learn to milk?"

"In Australia," mumbled Jack, as he spat out the cow's tail, which she had flicked into his mouth when he opened it to answer.

"In Australia? Why you are a——"

"Vagabond," put in Jack.

"Traveller. For you are an Englishman, are you not?"

Jack turned that cow away, and getting up, nodded.

"Yes, I'm English."

"And are you ever going back?"

"As soon as I can get the money."

And he began on another cow. But Pauline insisted on trying, and just as they were both hidden behind the corpus vile on which she was experimenting Mrs. Hope called for him.

"If I don't go she'll come in the corral," he said, and getting up he went to the gate.

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Mr. Blake says he can't spare anyone to haul in wood for you. So you must get some yourself."

And between his teeth Jack cursed the whole ranch, for he had scarcely time to turn round in.

"I wonder where Pauline has got to?" said Mrs. Hope aloud, as she turned away. But Jack, who heard her, couldn't see that he was bound to take any notice of a remark not intended for him. So he went back to Pauline.

"How are you getting on?" he asked.

"I get some," said the girl. "But I think the cow doesn't like me. She seems angry."

What was troubling the cow was the sinful waste of time; for Pauline only got a thimbleful each squeeze, and sometimes none at all, though her hands and wrists ached.

"You'd better let me finish," said Jack. "It'll make you very tired at first; and, besides, I'm in a hurry."

"What did aunt want?"

"More work," said Jack, a little bitterly. "And she wanted to know where you were."

"Did you say?"

"No, Miss Camacho. She didn't ask. She only remarked it in a vague sort of way that I wasn't bound to hear."

And, sitting down again, he soon dried that cow out.

"Perhaps you'll teach me more some day," said Pauline. "I like to learn things. It's silly being useless. Aunt says you are a very good worker, Mr. Bevis. Isn't it funny?"

And she laughed merrily.

"It's not half as funny as it seems," said Jack. "The more one does, the more one can do. If it wasn't for one thing I'd quit sooner than cart that wood in myself."

"What thing, Mr. Bevis?"

But he laughed as he answered—

"Money. It's a great trouble, isn't it?"

And then he marched off with the pails of milk. After that he hitched a horse up and hauled in two loads of wood, and then split it so savagely that the chips flew twenty yards.

"For I'm a fool—a fool. I wish I'd never seen her, or that she hadn't come. By the Lord, I shall be making love to her in less than a week. And La Donna will tumble to it, and I shall get the Grand Bounce; and if she doesn't it won't be any good. I wish someone would die and leave me some money. For if she got sweet on me what could I do? I'm a useless beast."

And with that he stuck the axe so tight in a knotty log that he nearly broke the handle getting it out.

"If two or three people at home would reckon up their moral possessions and conclude they weren't good enough to live, I might come in for a few hundred a year. Perhaps I might get a good job at home if I only ate humble pie and went to my folks like a prodigal son. But I guess the fatted calf would be a very small veal cutlet."

Nevertheless, he didn't do the thing which was apparently the wisest. Instead, he remained and saw Pauline a dozen times every day, and sank further and further into the slough. He even stayed up late, and went prowling in the front garden, at the risk of being shot at by Blake, who was very nervous at nights. And now every day the work grew heavier, for the fruit was coming on. He had to spend hours gathering cherries. He bore that because Pauline usually came down and helped him, but it meant not finishing in the stable till ten o'clock at night, and crawling into his blankets so dog-tired that he hardly

cared to take his clothes off. He abused La Donna dreadfully to Nansen.

"Hang it, doesn't the woman see I'm doing two men's work?"

"Why don't you quit?" said John, who had his own work, and never went beyond it.

But Jack never answered that question honestly. For, if he had a hundred dollars now, he would have thought twice before clearing out. It made him none the less angry at being put upon, as he considered it.

"I'll make love to Pauline, anyhow," he said. "If I were to marry her they'd have to find me a job. And, of course, I can do better than being a stableman. Besides, how it would rag Madam!"

He almost laughed at the notion.

"I wonder whether she knows I'm a little better as regards breeding than most of the men who work for her?"

A few days after he knew she did, for he had to drive her into Healdsburg, and La Donna talked all the way. Little by little they diverged into England, and into books, and Jack saw she was a well-read woman as well as a keen one. She treated him so well that he was in a fury when she bullied him the next morning for not having done something which he could by no possibility have had the time for. Jack burst out.

"By heavens, Madam, and how could I when I was driving you from three till nine? I didn't finish in the stables till half-past ten."

And he actually turned sharp round without waiting for an answer. Mrs. Hope glared after him angrily. "If he wasn't such a worker I'd send him away." But she knew when she had hold of a man, though she lacked discretion, as all women do, in directing physical labour.

When Jack met Pauline next time he was in a towering rage about this, and as he swung across the barn lot she thought he was going to slay someone.

"What's the matter, Mr. Bevis?" she asked.

Her sweet voice soothed him down, but he let out all the same.

"Why, Miss Camacho, Mrs. Hope thinks I'm a steam-engine made of brass that never gets tired; a magician that can be in two places at once. I'm getting full up of this. I shall go home to my ancestral halls."

"Never mind," said Pauline; "if you'll take my advice, you'll just do what you think you ought to, and don't mind her a bit. For she says you're most intelligent, and, as I told you before, a very good worker."

"So she ought," said Jack, a little mollified; "but there are limits to everything. And now the water has given out over yonder, and I must bring the sheep over here. That's another job."

He went off to do it at a gallop, as soon as he got his horse, and Pauline watched him.

"It's a horrid shame the way aunt works him. He's a very nice sort of man. I wonder what he did to come out here and do this."

For she couldn't see why any reasonably educated man should be looking after horses in California, and working for twenty dollars a month. Yes; what had he done in England?

She leant on the fence between the barn lot and the garden, and waited for him to return. In the meantime she watched the hogs, of which there were about a hundred lying round in the sun, or hunting vainly for food.

"Horrible things!" said Pauline; "but they are thin and hungry."

For nobody fed them, and having to scratch for themselves, they had become cannibals and fierce and devilish. Jack never thought of that when he brought part of the sheep up. But then, as he owned, he knew very little of hogs. He learnt something that afternoon, and so did poor Pauline. But afterwards, in spite of the sudden dreadful horror of it, he was glad.

The water on the other side had never yet quite dried up, and by separating the sheep into two lots Jack had managed to save himself the worst part of the labour. He left the sheep with the youngest lambs, and only brought about a dozen that were well able to run. As he drove them through the way by which he had first come to the ranch he began to feel good-tempered again; for somehow or another he always got more cheerful on horseback. It seemed more natural to ride, and he partook of the horse's strength as the horse partook of his will. But he rode very slowly.

Yet, when he came within two hundred yards of the creek the sheep smelt the water, and one began to gallop for it, and the others followed. Pauline, who was watching, saw them stream whitely across the sun-lit space, and then, as the few mothers left their lambs, she heard the higher, feebler bleat of the youngsters.

"Poor little things," she said pityingly.

But the shrill sound roused far other feelings in the gaunt savage herd of swine. Those that were up ran to the sheep, and those that were lying down scrambled on their feet. They swept grunting into the flock, a scaly, bestial herd of devils, and seeing the lambs they rushed on them open-jawed and tore them in pieces. One of the bigger lambs ran; but it ran vainly, they tracked it pitilessly, remorselessly, caught it, tore it in fragments, and went grunting and bloody for other prey. Jack, who had been smitten dumb for a moment, struck spurs into his horse and went

at them like a thunderbolt. Some he trampled down and some he cut with his whip. He yelled and screamed at them, but nothing turned them. The last lamb was killed as he stooped from his saddle to snatch it from the ground. And then he heard a woman scream, and saw Pauline, who had run out into the open, sink down fainting. One old sow saw her fall, and ran to her grunting; but Jack rode over the beast, leaving it squealing, and came to her first. He sprang from his horse, caught her in his arms, and carrying her into the garden, laid her down under a big oak-tree, and, stooping, dared to touch her cheek with his lips.

"Poor, poor child!" he said, and then she opened her eyes. Finding herself in his arms, she blushed deeply, but paled again.

"Horrible, horrible!" she said, and she clutched him with her hands.

"I am sorry you saw it," said Jack. "And, oh! so sorry I didn't know."

And she burst into tears.

"The dear, dear little lambs!" she sobbed. "Oh, it was dreadful! I shall never forget it."

"Let me help you down to the house, my poor child," said Jack tenderly. And he saw she was touched by the trouble in his voice. Yet now she loosed him, and tried to rise. In a moment she was able to walk, but he went with her to the house-garden.

"Poor Mr. Bevis! And you were very good to the sheep," she said. He took her hand and pressed it. She smiled a little and went into the house.

"By heavens," said Jack, "every day I love the child more. And I'll be someone yet, and win her."

He swore it by his life—and meant it. But when he caught his horse again he forgot his love in anger. For even then these unappeased monsters were working among the flock like pointers in stubble, quartering it back and forth looking for more lambs yet. And the mothers called vainly for the dead.

CHAPTER VI.

MAIDENHAIR AND AZALEAS.

It pleased Jack more than a little to find that Pauline said nothing to Mrs. Hope about the hogs, or, at any rate, about what had happened to her. And if he had understood why she did not, he would have been more pleased still, for Pauline trembled a little to think she had been held in that big man's arms. She even suspected that he had kissed her; perhaps her unconsciousness had not been so deep but that a suggestion of the kiss remained in her mind.

"If he did he's not a common man," said Pauline. "He's more like a gentleman than half I see in San Francisco."

And remembering his sorrow and agitation at the death of the little lambs, and his evident tenderness for herself, she was tender and gentle in her thoughts of him.

"Poor Mr. Bevis! I wonder why he's working like this!"

So, when Mrs. Hope came up and slanged him for losing twelve lambs, Pauline was very angry with her aunt.

"Bevis, what's this?" said La Donna; "how could you be so careless! I thought you said you knew all about sheep!"

"So I do," said Jack, firing up, "but I never said I knew all about hogs; and if you knew you should have told me. If you didn't you can't blame me. Anyhow, the hogs are starved to death."

"Well, there are twelve lambs gone," said Mrs. Hope angrily, "and if you had taken a little more trouble to feed the hogs they wouldn't have done it."

Jack turned round.

"Great Scott! Ma'am, and how am I to feed a hundred hungry swine?"

"There will be plenty of apples soon, and you can bring them up in a wheelbarrow. And that reminds me, you had better gather some apricots and stone them."

Jack shrugged his shoulders, and thought of the bull. He went straight up to the stable and turned Blazer adrift, previously looking to see that La Donna and Pauline were near the garden gate. When Mrs. Hope saw the bull and heard his bellow, she lifted her skirts and fled screaming.

But Jack got his horse and stock-whip, and went after the animal, who smashed three gates and broke down two fences and had a fight before he was corralled. The exercise soothed Jack wonderfully. He quite cheered up and put in a lot of time mending the gates and rails which were far enough from the house to be out of La Donna's chief sphere of influence and interference.

And in the meantime Pauline said she had a headache and went to her own room. For she wanted badly to quarrel with her aunt on Jack's behalf.

"I think he behaves very well, considering everything," she said. "I wonder how he puts up with it."

Yet that afternoon she said she would stay all the summer if her aunt liked.

The next time Jack had any chance of talking to her was on a Sunday, on which day he did nothing but milk the cows and look after the horses, and ride over the other side and attend to the buggies of such visitors as came. So he was quite idle, and when he saw Pauline going for a walk up the creek he nipped out, dug some worms, got an old rod and line, and went trout-fishing. He cut off

two hundred yards by running along the top of the flume which brought the water to the horse-trough and the house, and thereby risked his neck. But by choosing that way he got ahead of Pauline, and was fishing in a pool as steadily as if he had been there for hours when she came by.

He pretended he did not see her, and started when she spoke.

"Have you caught anything, Mr. Bevis?" she asked, taking her hat off, and swinging it in her hand.

"How you startled me!" said Jack. "No, Miss Camacho, I have caught nothing yet."

But that moment he hooked a four-ounce trout, and whipped it out. Pauline was delighted, of course, as all women are when anyone they are interested in wins at any game of skill. She stood and watched him for a moment, and then sat down on a rock. His heart fairly jumped for joy to see her there with the wild azaleas about her. And a frond of maidenhair drooped delicately above her head.

"I wanted to ask you, Mr. Bevis, if those horrid pigs would hurt a man?"

Jack turned, and thereby missed another trout.

"They would eat anyone who was helpless, who was, say, drunk or insensible," he answered. And the thought of her lying on the ground in a faint came back to him then and made him shake.

"They wouldn't have left you alive long if I hadn't picked you up," he added, and he saw her blush.

"Then I'm glad you did," she said softly, as if she were thanking him for some little service she could have hardly expected. He thanked her for the tone of her voice with his eyes, and she understood at least part of what they said.

But in her eyes there was always a question, and he knew it. He determined to satisfy some of her curiosity.

"You know you can't easily catch trout without a bait or lure of some kind, Miss Camacho," he said presently.

"Of course not, Mr. Bevis. But why do you say that?"

Jack dropped another worm into the hole. But he wasn't thinking of fishing.

"Well, the only way to get satisfied is to ask questions," he said.

The girl looked at his back steadily, and knowing that she was staring he turned round and caught her eye. There was an infectious gleam in his own, and both of them laughed.

"You are very, very clever, Mr. Bevis," she said, "and so I would like to know—"

"Exactly, and I'll tell you. At least, I'll tell you what the reasons were not for my running away from England."

He chose a flat rock at a fairly respectful distance from her and sat down.

"You would like to know—that is, it would, perhaps, interest you a little in this dull place to know why I'm here as a stableman?"

Pauline nodded.

"Well, in the first place, I am not a peer of the realm. You know in stories they often are peers of the realm. And I haven't forged my father's name, and he's not a stern, unforgiving parent. And, moreover, financially speaking, his name isn't worth forging by a man with any large

notions. And I've not killed anyone. And I haven't been in the Guards. They are caught cheating in stories. But I haven't been in them, so I'm clear of that. And I've never been in prison, though I was once fined by an eminent London magistrate for assault. And I've not committed bigamy. And generally speaking, I'm not romantic. There isn't the shadow of a crime on my career."

"I think you're rather funny, anyway," said Pauline. "But what were the reasons?"

Jack tugged his beard and glanced at her sideways.

"There is another common reason for going to the devil abroad."

"What is it?"

"Being disappointed in love."

Pauline looked at him sharply, and then dropped her eyes on the running water.

"But I wasn't."



"Have you caught anything, Mr. Bevis?" "No, Miss Camacho, I have caught nothing yet."

There was a long pause, and suddenly Jack jumped at his rod, and landed another trout.

"So can you think why I came out to California?"

"I give it up, Mr. Bevis."

"Simply, then, because I'm naturally a bit of a vagabond, and my health wasn't good. Not at all romantic, eh?"

"I think it's better than forgery," said the girl laughing. "But surely you're not going to do this all your life."

"Not much," said Jack energetically. "Stay with La Donna all my life? No, no!"

"Who's La Donna, Mr. Bevis?"

"Your aunt, Miss Camacho. The Italians call her La Donna Diavola."

And Pauline laughed and clapped her hands.

"She would be angry if she knew."

And then Jack slid off his rock and sat on the grass. He put his hat down and sat in contemplation.

"It's a bit tough, Miss Camacho, all this work; not but what I can do it, for I've knocked about a good deal. But at twenty-seven one begins to think of settling down and having a home."

"Surely you are more than twenty-seven," said Pauline.

"If you saw me without a beard you wouldn't say so."

"Then I wish—" said Pauline, but she stopped. Jack swore he would shave that very night.

"And," he went on, "I'm tired of knocking about America."

"Tell me," she said, "what you've done here and where you've been."

He leant on his elbow and began a yarn which fairly got over her and made her breathless.

For he spoke of Texas and Arizona and the Indian Territory, and starvation in Minneapolis and St. Louis and Chicago, and of six months on the Great Lakes, and then again of Colorado and the sage-bush and alkali deserts, and then of British Columbia and railroad work. And of tramping in Washington Territory, and of work in saw-

mills. He explained to her how tramps live, and how they die, and he told her the whole art of beating one's way on trains, showing the difference between tackling a passenger and a freight. Incidentally he described the ways of wild cattle, and suggested times in hospitals and the pangs of frost, and of bitter thirst, too, and mirage in the desert.

And afterwards he came to San Francisco; and though he spared her the worst, the tears came into her eyes, and she caught her breath and almost sobbed—

"And you were starving when I was happy and had all I wanted and more. Ch, Mr. Bevis!"

And he took her hand and kissed it like a cavalier.

"You are good and kind, my dear young lady; and that you are so to me makes it not to be regretted."

But she was startled, and drew her hand away.

Then he rose up and paced the narrow space by the creek which was free of brush. He spoke almost to himself.

"Now this is over, or almost over, and in a little while I shall go back to England. There I know I shall find something to do that is better than this. No—not worthier;

for the work for a man in the future will be, I am convinced, greatly manual work. And I rejoice that I can do things with my hands; it makes me freer than those who have nothing but a mere faculty or a small training to give them a footing on the earth. But as things are ordered we should have more money. And that I will have. If, indeed, I have anything to make it for."

Pauline did not look up, but she spoke.

"Mr. Bevis, surely you owe it to yourself. I am glad I was able to see you were not quite what you might have looked to others. And I am sure you can do something."

He stopped and looked down on her doubtfully.

"Will you bid me try?"

"What difference would that make? Mustn't it come out of oneself? Others can do what you are doing now."

"Wait till the other man comes," said Jack, smiling again, "and I'll bet ten dollars La Donna will hold me up to him as a paragon. But as to the difference you might make? Think what great things even a little cause can produce!"

And then the sun dipped behind the hill and the cold shadow came down on them, and Pauline knew she was reckless in staying there talking with her aunt's stableman.

But when he spoke again she forgot he was anything else but just Mr. Bevis.

"Try and bid me do something. Say it would please you a little. You have been very good and kind to me; be even kinder, and say do it for 'my sake.'"

She rose from her rock and put her hat on.

"At any rate do it, Mr. Bevis, and—"

"You will think of me sometimes when I'm gone?" said Jack with evident emotion. And the girl nodded.

Then they went together down the creek until the ranch came in sight.

"I will say good-bye here, Señorita," said Jack, and she gave him her hand. He kissed it once more and went back to his fishing. But before it was dark he picked a beautiful great bunch of pink azaleas and maidenhair, and laid them in a cool place. Then he worked at fishing, and caught a dozen trout as the evening glow died out on Hope's Mountain.

He took them in to Wong, and laid them on a dish. "Show them to Miss Pauline, Wong," said Jack.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Lord Salisbury is said to have appointed nine High Church bishops, six Evangelicals, and two Broad Churchmen. Magee, Westcott, and Perowne are included among the Evangelicals. It may be a fair question whether Magee and Westcott should not practically be reckoned among High Churchmen, and Perowne among Broad Churchmen. Of Lord Salisbury's deans, four are reckoned as High Church, six as Evangelical, and one as Broad Church. But is it quite right to put Dean Spence of Gloucester, Dean Maclure of Manchester, and Dean Elliott of Windsor among Evangelicals? These appellations are apt to be very misleading.

Canon Jessopp has written a charming sketch of his friend the late Canon Harper of Selby. Harper took a good degree and was one of the most brilliant and successful tutors in Cambridge. Dr. Jessopp says, "There is no man among my elders to whom I owe so much, none for whom I ever felt such an enthusiastic reverence, or who, I believe,

The Cardiff branch of the Christian Social Union arranged for special sermons at eleven churches in the town by well known preachers of marked social sympathies. It is said that the Nonconformists absolutely ignored the Conference, and regret is expressed in a Church paper that the Dean and Chapter of Llandaff did not invite the Trades Union Congress to the Cathedral. An irate correspondent goes so far as to say that "greatly as the Dean is respected, the Cathedral is unhappily in no sense a centre of Church life and work in the diocese, and its influence is practically nil."

The complaints about Bishop Davidson continue to be very bitter. One clergyman says that there is no doubt that among the earnest workers in the diocese the feeling after a spell of stagnation, and of late years almost worse, is one of absolute dismay, not to say despair. He does not think anything better can happen while there remains that white elephant Farnham Castle, and while a supposed prize income has to be spent in keeping up state there.



Photo Green Bros., Grasmere.

THE OLD RECTORY, GRASMERE, WHERE WORDSWORTH LIVED FROM 1811 TO 1813: RECENTLY DEMOLISHED.

And late at night, by the help of a hay-fork, he laid his bunch of flowers on her window-sill.

She found them in the morning. But when she saw him she started violently, for his beard had disappeared in the interval.

(To be continued.)

WORDSWORTH AT GRASMERE.

To the great circle of lovers of Wordsworth the accompanying picture of the old Rectory at Grasmere, where the poet lived for two years, will be all the more interesting because the house has recently been demolished. The walls had stood for two centuries, and had housed more than one remarkable man. Wordsworth spent some of his time while under its roof, from 1811 to 1813, in preparing "The Excursion" for press. When he departed from the Rectory, it was to take up his residence at Rydal Mount. The ruthless hand of Time has made it necessary to raise this landmark in the Wordsworth country, which can, however, never lose all trace of the great poet who celebrated its beauties in such exquisite verse.

exercised such an influence in the development of my intellect and the better impulses of my nature." He accepted from the University in 1850 the vicarage of Selby, with a mere nominal income and a church which was in those days in a condition quite indescribable. From the day of his entering into residence he instituted the daily service, which from that time has never been dropped; and within two years from his appointment he had begun in earnest to organise the complete restoration of the church, now one of the most splendid and magnificent in England.

Canon Harper had a certain oddity and originality, illustrated in one of his advertisements for a curate—

Wanted, by an Incumbent, who means to do as his Bishop bids him, a Curate who means to do as his Incumbent bids him—subject to the rule and law of the Established Church, "his text the Bible, his commentary the Prayer Book." . . . Daily service; weekly communion; good choir; very fine church. An earnest man, who can do without incense or prostrations, will find much work which wants doing, much "room to deny himself," and "a road to bring him." Address Rev. Canon Harper, Selby.

In a letter to his parishioners at Leeds, Canon Talbot says that he has never been offered any preferment except St. Albans; that there has never been any question of anything else, and that he has thankfully put such things as far as possible entirely out of his mind. He has lived in Leeds, he can honestly say, as a home, not looking beyond it nor thinking of change.

The Bishop of Colombo leaves England this week.

The Rev. H. E. Maddock, Rector of Patrington, near Hull, has been appointed to the canonry in York Minster vacant by the death of Canon Harper.

Another of the Chapter House windows in Lincoln Cathedral has been filled with stained glass by Messrs. Clayton and Bell. It illustrates further the history of the Cathedral, and is the eleventh of the series. The following inscription is at the base of the window, the adjacent shield bearing the arms of the city of Lincoln: "A thank-offering to God from a former chorister of this church, Thomas Martin, Mayor of Lincoln 1886—1887, from Eliza, his wife, 1894." V.



BUILDING THE NEW DRY DOCKS IN PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD: THE SCENE-AT MIDNIGHT.

These docks are being constructed to accommodate the new cruisers, "Powerful" and "Terrible," no existing docks being large enough for them. In order to complete the docks speedily, work is carried on night and day without cessation. When completed, these will be the largest dry docks in the world.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

It happened nearly half a century ago; to be absolutely correct, during the parlous times of 1848. A son of the founder of the house of Rothschild, either Baron Anselm or Baron Solomon—I do not know which, for I have no notes on the subject—was seated in his private office in Frankfurt when he heard a terrible commotion outside. Opening the door of his room he asked the reason, and was told by a clerk, shaking like an aspen-leaf, that four fellows of most unpromising aspect, smelling of stale beer and rank tobacco, insisted on seeing him, the principal. "Show them in," said the banker; then, turning to the four intruders he asked them their business.

"Our business is," replied the self-elected spokesman of the party, "that you are wallowing in millions, and that we and the like of us haven't got a stiver. It is not fair." "And what remedy do you propose to put an end to that unsatisfactory state of things from your point of view?" was the query. "The remedy is partition," was the answer, while all four assumed a threatening attitude, and waved their rusty muskets. "At how much do you compute the fortune of our house?" inquired the banker. "Let us say forty millions of florins," chimed in a second, probably the financier of the quartet. "Forty millions of florins. Very well, let's take that figure. We'll soon get at each one's share, for there happens to be just about forty millions of people in the States of the Diet. That makes a florin each. Here's your share—four florins—and now you had better make yourselves scarce."

I have heard that story not once, but scores of times, but I never heard it told by any but so-called Socialists and Anarchists, and it was invariably quoted with deep and bitter resentment. Whether it was the humour of it or the unerring justice implied that aroused the hatred of the various narrators, I am unable to determine; perhaps it was both, for with few exceptions, the demagogue, the professed leveller of social and financial inequality, is not a humorous animal, and he dislikes justice even more than humour.

Be that as it may, there are few Anarchists who do not know the tale, and I feel almost confident that it has rankled in the minds of their predecessors, and that it will continue to rankle in theirs. A fancied grievance is as good a justification as a real one to those gentry for their attempted or accomplished crimes; and the projected outrage in Paris last week may have been due to the pretended vengeance of some Anarchist for his non-reception or cavalier treatment by one of the members of the Rothschild family. Except to the specialist it is always difficult to define the motives of the Anarchist's actions. It may be taken that nine-tenths of those avengers (?) are demented, just as it may be taken for granted that nine-tenths of the would-be regicides and would-be assassins of exalted personages are monomaniacs. Bellamare, a working man who fired on Napoleon III. one evening when the latter left the Opéra Comique, had been condemned a few years previously to a long term of imprisonment for having sent a sentence of death of the Emperor to every embassy in Paris.

At a pinch one may understand the Anarchist's train of thought that leads him to attempt the life of an autocrat. He removes the man, trusting that his removal may bring about a change of government, or that the autocrat's successor, in his fear of a like fate, may inaugurate a milder régime; although, if the Anarchist acts upon such a feeble spark of logic, disappointment awaits him more often than not. The successor may be afraid, but he has the bayonets to hedge round his terror, and his hand, instead of relaxing, tightens. When Dionysius of Syracuse lay dying, an old woman was found praying for his life in the Temple. "How can you pray for the life of such a wretch and tyrant?" asked a bystander. "I prayed for the death of his predecessor, and see what the gods gave us instead!" was the answer.

But why the Anarchist should attack a millionaire who has worked for his money, or a merchant prince, I cannot conceive. Even if the millionaire or the merchant prince be not charitable, which he generally is, the investment of his moneys in commerce or industry provides bread—we will say no more than bread—for thousands. Destroy them (the millionaire, his bank, his factory, and everything



Photo G. W. Wilson, Aberdeen.

THE HON. C. C. KINGSTON,
PREMIER OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

belonging to him), and the distribution of work to thousands only ceases as far as the dead man is concerned, but others spring up in his place who have to make their pile and are likely to grind down the workman harder than the other. "If the whole of the civilised world were burnt down to-day, in three years' time there would appear a hundred men who had made enormous fortunes out of the ashes," said Oliver Wendell Holmes. If the Rothschild bank in the Rue Lafitte had been wrecked, a member of the family would have come over from Brussels London, or Vienna, and the business would have proceeded in a day or so as if nothing had happened. The loss might have been enormous or not; it would have made no difference to the firm, but it might have made a difference to the poor and charitable institutions of Paris

W. W. Read. Lockwood. Hayward. M. Read. Brockwell. Lohmann.

Leveson-Gower Richardson. K. J. Key. Abel.
THE END OF THE CRICKET SEASON: THE SURREY TEAM, CHAMPIONS FOR 1895.

for some years to come. I say might; I do not say would, for the Rothschilds are only human, like the rest of us, and who shall say that they would not have taken reprisals. The poor of Paris are assuredly not so well off as to be able to dispense with such a flow of benevolence as that which has its spring in the street where the monarchy of Louis Philippe was hatched.

AN ASSAULTED PREMIER.

The stalwart Prime Minister of South Australia, the Hon. C. C. Kingston, Q.C., has lately come before the public in a new light. It appears that he received an assault with a horsewhip from Mr. H. T. Sparks, the manager of the South Australia Company. Mr. Kingston had been making some unflattering observations in public as to Mr. Sparks, who seized the opportunity of attacking the Prime Minister in Victoria Square, Adelaide's chief thoroughfare. From the reports which have reached this country, it seems that Mr. Kingston was conversing with the Sheriff of South Australia, when suddenly, without warning, he received several blows with a cabman's whip; turning round, he saw his assailant, and dropped his umbrella and hit out at him. Mr. Kingston obtained possession of the whip, which he means to keep as a memento of the unpleasant instance. Mr. Sparks has said, with regard to the matter, "Personally, I have never made any attack on Mr. Kingston as a man, but simply criticised his actions as a Minister of the Crown, and I see no reason why I should have to submit to such a personal attack as he made." This unfortunate *rencontre* has been much discussed, especially as the two combatants were old schoolfellows; and it has covered Mr. Kingston with a kind of martyr's glory.

THE CHAMPION COUNTY CRICKET TEAM.

The Surrey team has again retained the championship among the fourteen first-class counties. The eleven has played 26 matches, winning 17, losing 4, and drawing 5. The method of computation adopted deducts losses from wins, and ignores draws. According to this record, Surrey has 13 points. Lancashire, which played 21 matches, won 14, lost 4, and drew 3, comes second with 10 points. Yorkshire, which played 26 matches, winning 14, losing 7, and drawing 5, is third on the list with 7 points. There have been thirteen scores of over a hundred runs made by members of the champion team. Abel made four of these; Hayward three; and Maurice Read, Mr. W. W. Read, Mr. K. J. Key, Lockwood, Holland, and Street, one each. It has been a hardly fought contest, and now that it has ended in Surrey's success, everyone who has watched the fine play of the Surrey men will congratulate them. Mr. K. J. Key, who had to succeed popular Mr. John Shuter in the captaincy, may also receive praise for the discharge of his difficult duties. The bowling of Richardson, the return of George Lohmann with much of his old skill, and the complimentary match to Mr. W. W. Read have been pleasant features of the season. Richardson secured 237 wickets for his county in its first-class matches, an achievement which has eclipsed those of George Lohmann in the past. By the way, the latter cricketer is expecting to revisit South Africa in October. It is to be hoped that the voyage will quite restore the famous bowler to good health, as no man is more popular at the Oval. Abel stands at the head of the batting averages with 51.2 runs, a remarkable record for one whose connection with the team has lasted several years. He also made the highest score—217—among the Surrey men.

The Bishop of Chester has been revisiting Cardiganshire, where he lived for some years, and has been strongly impressed—so he tells the *Times*—with its special need of improved railway accommodation. Dr. Jayne suggests that a light railway might run from Newcastle Emlyn northwards through Mid-Cardiganshire within easy distance of the coast, past New Quay to Aberayron. Thence it might be carried up the Ayrion Valley, or along a line nearer the coast till it joined the Manchester and Milford Railway, somewhere between Lampeter and

Aberystwyth. The Bishop concludes his letter by asking whether the State would not be justified in lending Cardiganshire a financial hand to help its local resources in forming such a guarantee as would powerfully attract capital to an enterprise so serviceable for the neighbourhood. He also adds that, in the opinion of competent judges it would be likely to be a good investment.

ECLOGUES OF ARCADY.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

XXI.—A DRAINED FISHPOND.

I called in at my neighbour Major Warren Pauncefote's this afternoon, and found he was just engaged in draining the fishpond by his garden. He is going to deepen it and to puddle the bottom, so as to make it fit for his boys to swim in. Meanwhile he has transferred all the larger carp to a stone trough in the back yard, where I saw at once there was not half enough water for them. I'm sure he didn't mean to be cruel, for he is the humanest soldier that ever spitted Fuzzy-wuzzy in the Soudan on his sword; but all the same, to anyone who understands the prime needs of fish-life, the condition of those poor carp was most sad to look at. As everyone knows, they breathe the oxygen dissolved in water; and as hundreds of them were confined in this Black Hole of Calcutta, the amount at their disposal was, of course, quite inadequate. Some of the poor things were dead or dying, turning on their lustreless sides in the pathetically helpless way of suffocating fish; the others

without food or drink for many weeks at a time. Under these peculiar circumstances, their air-bladder has gradually developed into a true lung; and, what is odder still, we possess in various countries distinct specimens at all the intermediate stages from air-bladder to lung in proportion as the ponds which they haunt become dry for longer or shorter periods. The bow-fin of the United States, for example, lives in turbid waters which do not quite dry up, but it has acquired the habit of rising to the surface every now and then, and gulping in large mouthfuls of air, which enter its swim-bladder. It does so most frequently when the water is foul, and there has been little rainfall—in other words, when there is a scarcity of oxygen. Accordingly, its air-bladder—though not yet a true lung—is spongy and cellular in structure, being adapted for aerating the blood that passes through it. The mud-fish of Queensland, again, to take a further stage, is a six-foot-long fish which inhabits loaded streams where its gills do not suffice it for proper respiration; it has therefore altered its swim-bladder into a rudimentary lung, more advanced than the bow-fins, and full of air-cells, richly supplied with blood-vessels, but consisting still of a single

their spawn by hundreds in the ancestral element, and soon the little black tadpoles—true fish of a primitive type in all but name—swarm forth and swim in seething masses in the momentary medium. But as the sun begins to dry up the water in their dwelling-place they lose their fins and gills, pass from fish to amphibians, and shortly hop ashore, provided with four legs and a pair of lungs specially adapted for directed air-breathing. There we have a marvellous piece of evolutionary magic still going on every day before our eyes which would sound incredible to us if a man of science reported it for the first time from Central Africa or New Guinea. The frog, in short, shows us successively in his own person the self-same stages of development which the various mud-fish preserve for us in distant regions as types of distinct and unrelated species.

An interesting Parliamentary paper has been recently issued, giving a return as to the divorces granted in the British Colonies and Possessions during the last ten years. From this it appears that neither Newfoundland nor Prince Edward Island has any law in force relating



THE NEW PLAY AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE: "BOGEY," BY H. V. ESMOND.

See "The Playhouses."

kept coming up every now and then to the surface, gasping for breath, and gulping down great open-jawed mouthfuls of air, to relieve their misery. No doubt the oxygen they thus swallow enters the body-cavity, and slightly assists them in aerating the blood, though much of it also may pass in the ordinary way through the gills, which are the regular and normal respiratory organs. It is always interesting to me, however, to watch fish when they come up thus to drink air at the surface, as goldfish often do when thoughtlessly confined in too small a glass basin; for in this instinctive act, as modern biologists now generally allow, we have the first faint beginnings of the evolution of lungs and the habit of air-breathing. Nay, more, terrestrial life itself as a whole depends in the last resort upon just such first feeble gaspings and gulpings. For lungs are nothing more, anatomically speaking, than developed swim-bladders, connected by a definite passage with the external air, and provided with a more or less perfect muscular mechanism for inhaling and expelling it.

In most fish, and in all the rudest types, the swim-bladder is merely a float or balloon, which can be filled with air, and compressed or expanded, so as to make the animal rise or sink at pleasure. But many fish exist in tropical ponds and shallow swamps to whom what has happened artificially to the carp in my friend's ornamental water happens naturally every dry season; the marshy sheets in which they live evaporate altogether, and they are therefore compelled to lie dormant in the mud

cavity. Nevertheless, even this imperfect lung enables the mud-fish to stroll away from its native streams at night, and wander at large on dry land by means of fins which are almost legs, and which act like the sprawling limbs of certain southern lizards. In that unnatural environment it browses on green leaves, and otherwise behaves in a most unfishlike manner. Finally, to complete our rough survey, the African lepidosiren makes its home in waters which dry up completely during the hot season, and it therefore hibernates (or rather, aestivates) for months together in a cocoon of hard mud, where it breathes at its ease by means of true lungs, completely divided into lateral halves, and approaching in structure those of an air-breathing reptile.

This interesting series of living evolutionary fossils—links that are not missing—is completed for us in some ways by the frogs and toads, which recapitulate, as it were, in their own life-time just such an ancestral developmental history. Each of them begins life as essentially a fish—that is to say, as a tadpole breathing oxygen dissolved in water, by means of gills, and possessed of no limbs for terrestrial locomotion; he ends it as essentially a full-grown land-reptile, breathing atmospheric air by means of lungs, having discarded his now needless fin-fringed tail, and possessed of jumping legs of great muscular power. And the metamorphosis he thus undergoes answers exactly to just such a drying-up of the ponds that bore him. In early spring, when the temporary puddles are full of water, the parent frogs lay

to divorce. In Natal the total number of divorces in ten years was only 63; in Cape Colony 571; in Victoria 538. In Western Australia there were only eleven divorces in the period of ten years; in Tasmania the total was 33; in South Australia 67. Canada has only had forty-two, and British Columbia twenty divorces during the same length of time. This return will probably interest Mr. Gladstone, whose strong views on the subject of divorce are well known.

It is a curious coincidence that the last two members added to the House of Commons bear the same name—Farrell. For about fifty years, we believe, this name has not occurred on the roll of Parliament, so that the double entry is all the more remarkable. The last M.P. named Farrell was elected, after a scrutiny, for Athlone in 1841; but this election, the Poll-Book says, was declared void on counter-petition, and Mr. Daniel H. Farrell was unseated. By the way, there have always been plenty of Wilsons in the House of Commons, and the present large number of them, which has been much remarked, is therefore less extraordinary. Since 1832 there have been no less than five Gladstones in the House of Commons, and five other gentlemen bearing that distinguished name tried to enter Parliament unsuccessfully during the same period. Six Harcourts have inscribed their names on the roll in the last sixty years. There have been only three Morleys, the late Mr. Samuel Morley, his son the ex-Postmaster-General, and Mr. John Morley.

AIGUILLE NOIRE DE PÉTERET.

AIGUILLE BLANCHE DE PÉTERET.

MONT BLANC.



ALPINE ACCIDENTS: EMIL REY'S LAST JOURNEY FROM THE DENT DU GEANT.

DR. JOHNSON ON MR. BROWNING.

BY ANDREW LANG.

A friend who shares with Mr. Stead the gift of automatic writing, presents me with the following fragment, produced by her pen, but inspired, as she believes, by the author of Dr. Johnson's "Lives of the Poets"—

"... Concerning the youth of Browning little is recorded, and that little neither stimulates desire for more ample information nor regret that but a trifle has been vouchsafed. Born of parents who enjoyed comfort, if not affluence, Browning's education was private: he knew not the struggles of the public school, and escaped that candour of criticism which a university affords. By means of which I am content to be ignorant, Browning acquired some tincture of the ancient languages. In later life he wrote a translation of *Æschylus*, and called it a transcript. He is said to have applauded the eldest of the Greek tragedians; and, as he doubtless conceived his transcript to resemble the original, we may admire the effect of traditional opinion upon taste, or wonder at the self-delusions which beset even minds naturally robust. Custom must have constrained, or vanity blinded one who, tasting *Æschylus*, could yet complacently hold him up, in the travesty of a transcript, to the jeers of ignorance, and the mockery of the refined.

"Browning's primary and principal purpose was to be a poet, with which the indolence or good-humour of his father accidentally concurred. Removed from the necessity to toil, and fortified by the self-approval incident to inexperienced youth, Browning commenced poet, nor did he ever afterwards desert the path which he had chosen. Had he been dependent for a maintenance on the popular applause or on the more judicious favours of the great, Browning must have abandoned his ambitious essays, or continued them in the shade of indigence or the shelter of a workhouse. But Fortune, or Providence, which frowned on Savage and Sharpe, smiled on Browning. If no patron indulged, no bailiff pursued him; and the kindness or simplicity of a female relation enabled him to put forth his first volume, 'Pauline.' The book fell stillborn from the press, nor has all my diligence procured a sight of this early bantling of his muse. In the case of his 'Paracelsus' I have been less fortunate. 'Aleander,' the epic poem of Pope, was burnt by the persuasion of Atterbury. No such mentor attended Browning. Copies of his 'Paracelsus' may be found with ease, but they are read with difficulty and impatience. It were vain to discuss the fable of the drama where fable there is none, or the melody of numbers from which music has been omitted by incompetence or banished by design. From 'Paracelsus' we learn neither to pursue science nor to enjoy life, and they who love most the practice of rational conversation are appalled by the endless and aimless dialogues of the hero and his friends. Of this poem Browning declared that he did not expect the sale to be quick 'because not one gentleman in sixty, even of liberal education, could understand it.' That books are purchased only in a consistent ratio with the intelligence of the customer is a fallacy which Browning learned to discover. Where fashion or the pretensions of taste and culture intervene, understanding loses its influence, and thousands have purchased 'Sordello' who neither have heard nor expect to hear 'Sordello's story told.'

"That any manager outside of Bedlam could stake his fortune on the production of 'Paracelsus,' even Browning himself did not anticipate. The failure of his other stage pieces, such as 'Strafford,' he attributed to the petulance or jealousy of Macready; such is the unfailing consolation of unfortunate or undeserving authors.

"Driven from the stage by the indifference or hostility of the players and the public, Browning revenged himself by putting forth a series of pamphlets in verse. These he named 'Bells and Pomegranates,' perhaps because they have neither the melody of the one nor the succulence of the other. When, later, printed in two volumes under the title of 'Men and Women,' these poems found many admirers, either because vanity is tickled by the pretence of understanding what perplexes mankind or because the novelty of the style overthrew the objections of reason. Certainly, though either vulgar ignorance or common-sense at first universally rejected 'Bells and Pomegranates,' many have been since persuaded to think themselves delighted by 'Men and Women.' To explain the behaviour of admirers who now assailed Browning with laudations, and even paid him the judicious compliment of asking him to translate

his own poems into intelligible prose, is a task which I gladly leave to such as do not shrink from the spectacle of human folly. That amidst the rugged incoherences and fantastic frivolities of Browning some appearances of sense and learning may be detected, I am not concerned to deny. It is difficult to prove a negative; but learning and sense, if carefully sought, may be found in the collected sermons of every village curate. As gold is a metal universally present, though rarely discovered in such quantities as to invite our attention or attract our enterprise, so it is with merit in the poems of Browning. They have neither the spirit of Dryden, the correctness of Pope, the tenderness of Shenstone, nor the improving argument of Young; nor will they be generally perused till Young and Shenstone are left neglected in our libraries."

Here ends the fragment, and poets, even the youngest, may be glad that Dr. Johnson is dead, and that automatic writing is a rare accomplishment. The Doctor is not more severe on Mr. Browning than he was on Milton and on Gray. On the slightest provocation the shade of the Doctor is prepared to attack the lives and lines of our contemporaries. Poets at a distance will please accept this intimation.

ALPINE ACCIDENTS.

EMILE REY'S LAST JOURNEY.

A pathetic interest attaches to our double-page illustration of the last journey across his beloved Alps of Emile Rey, who lost his life the other day descending the Aiguille du Géant. The famous guide had a very large circle of



THE LATE EMILE REY,
THE FAMOUS SWISS GUIDE.



PETER ANTON BINER,
THE GUIDE WHO ACCOMPANIED THE LATE MISS SAMPSON.

ALPINE ACCIDENTS.

English friends, with whom he had made many mountaineering expeditions. He was a native of Courmayeur, where he was born in 1846. He very soon began to climb the various peaks surrounding this renowned village, and in 1876 Lord Wentworth retained him for the Alpine season, an engagement renewed for the two following years. One of Rey's noteworthy accomplishments was when he made the third, fourth, and fifth ascent of the higher peaks of the Dru in four consecutive days. It was then that the peak was climbed for the first time from Montanvert without sleeping in the hut. Rey crossed the summit of Mont Blanc amid the deep snows of January 1888, from the Aiguilles Grises to Chamounix. The famous guide used often to mention with pleasure his visit in 1864 to this country, and his ascent of Ben Nevis. He was always very modest as to his own achievements, and was conscientious and trustworthy, like most of the Alpine guides. His death is felt as a personal loss by the many climbers who have had his company on the white peaks where he was so much at home.

The facts, as far as they have been carefully collected by Mr. C. E. Matheus, a former president of the Alpine Club, are to the following effect: On Aug. 23 Mr. A. C. Roberts, a Preston gentleman, engaged Emile Rey to climb with him what is popularly known as "the little Dru." They slept at the Couvecle, climbing on the following morning the Aiguille du Géant. Thence they began to descend at 3.20, amid the threatenings of a storm. They came to a steep gully, involving a descent of 600 ft., and here, fearing no danger, Mr. Roberts and his guide unroped. Rey was leading. Mr. Roberts was standing at the top of a small chimney down which Rey had climbed. Rey jumped or allowed himself to drop into a small plateau of rock, covered with pebbles and sloping slightly downwards.

His foothold failed, and he fell with three bounds on to the glacier below, not by the ordinary route, but on the other side of the rocky spur by which the descent is made. Mr. Roberts attempted to reach the ill-fated guide, at first by the rocks and afterwards by the snow below them, but dense snow-clouds rolled up, and the attempt proved hopeless. He shouted repeatedly, but there was no answer, and with great difficulty and in a raging storm he reached the refuge on the Col du Géant alone. In the hut Mr. Roberts found a party of six Swiss travellers, with six guides, who had, with considerable difficulty, made their way to the summit through the storm. The next morning he begged the assistance of some of these guides, but this assistance was refused. News of the disaster was, however, carried by them to Courmayeur, and a party of guides ascended and recovered the body at 7 a.m. on Aug. 26.

THE ACCIDENT ON THE ROTHORN.

Yet another fatal accident has happened in the Alps, and this time the victim is a lady, Miss Sampson, a climber of no mean repute. "I am sorry to see," writes a correspondent, "that Peter Anton Biner was one of the guides on the ill-fated expedition to the Rothorn, for he proudly boasted to me when I was in Zermatt early this season that he had never had an accident happen to anyone in his care. If courage, experience, and great personal strength could have availed, there is no guide on whom one might have more surely relied, but in this case the *bête noire* of mountaineers—falling stones—was the cause of the

catastrophe. Miss Sampson, Miss Growse, a guide named Carrel, and Biner, left the Riffelalp at two a.m., on Aug. 30, for the Trift Pass. All went well till shortly after ten o'clock, when just as they issued from the pass to ascend the glacier a perfect cannonade of stones rattled down upon them. Carrel managed to leap aside and escape the avalanche, but Miss Growse was knocked down, and the knapsack on Biner's back was flattened by the stones. A large boulder fell on Miss Sampson, and she dropped to the snow without a groan, and a few minutes later, when the avalanche had swept by, they found her spine had been broken. She did not recover consciousness during the forty minutes for which she lingered, and died quite peacefully in the presence of her friend and the guides. The funeral took place in Zermatt a few days later, and many of the visitors followed the sorrowful little cortege to its last resting-place." Thus, within a short space of time, there have been added to the fatality which befell Mr. Benjamin Eyre, earlier in the season, two other

accidents on the Alps. The fine weather has perhaps induced mountaineers to be more venturesome than usual, but "the unexpected" is really the cause of most of these sad disasters.

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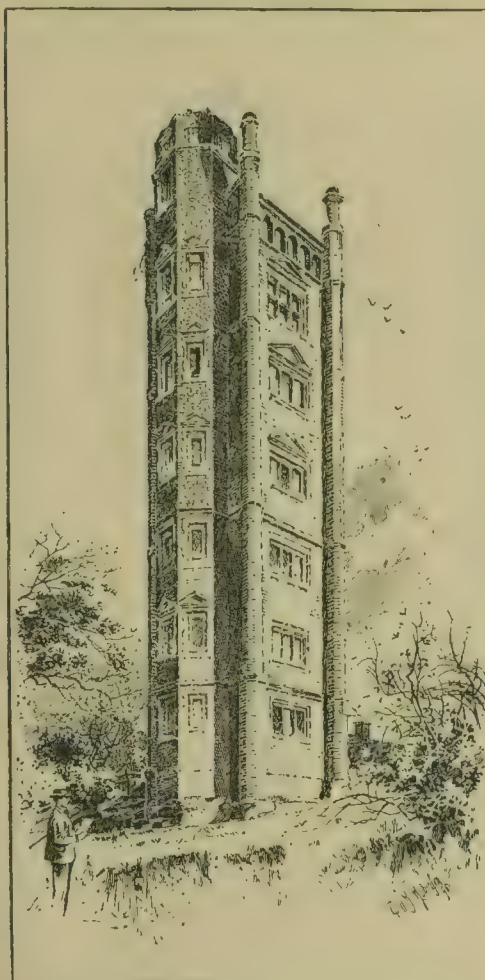
OFFICE: 198, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT IPSWICH.

We are once more reading, or at all events seeing, columns of type on learned matters, which we are well content to leave alone for every part of the year except that period when the British Association is meeting. The British Association for the Advancement of Science—to give its full title—has survived all the criticism and jests which have been raised against it since it was founded in 1831. The Association has undoubtedly performed services to science, and not less to education, and has in those ways fulfilled the intentions of Sir David Brewster, to whom we owe its initiation. It is divided into ten sections: Mathematics and Physics, Chemistry, Geology, Biology, Geography, Economic Science and Statistics, Mechanics, Anthropology, Physiology, and Botany. The last-named department was only established two years ago, but is justifying its existence. Last year, at Oxford, there was an extra interest taken in the proceedings of the Association owing to the presidency of the Marquis of Salisbury. The whirligig of time has since then placed Lord Salisbury in the Premiership for the third time, and, to the regret of himself not less than of the public, he found it impossible to be present at Ipswich. His successor, Captain Sir Douglas Galton, was therefore not brought into unenviable comparison with one of the most brilliant speakers of the day.

It is forty-four years since the Association met in Ipswich, and in the interval the population of the town has leapt from 32,900 to 61,000 inhabitants. In 1851 the Orwell was only navigable at Ipswich by vessels of 200 tons; now ships of 1400 tons can be easily accommodated in the fine docks. Those persons who take an interest in the drama may like to be reminded that it was at the old theatre in Ipswich that David Garrick made his debut 155 years ago; and in the same building the lady whom we now know as Mrs. Keeley first stepped on to the stage. A new theatre has lately risen to replace the building which had such historic memories.

The popular Friday evening discourse, which always is attractive, will be delivered this year by Professor Silvanus



PRESTON TOWER, NEAR IPSWICH.

well as to Helmingham Hall, Wenham Hall, Hadleigh, Cambridge, Colchester, Great Yarmouth, Cromer, etc.

only 710, the smallest total since the first meeting of the Association at York. The president was George Biddell Airy, Astronomer Royal, whose services to science half a century ago were very valuable. At Ipswich then there were Tyndall and Huxley, just commencing to delight the world with their remarkable knowledge and their fascinating way of communicating it to others; the two Forbes, Charles Lyell, Richard Owen (then Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the College of Surgeons), James Nasmyth, Roderick Murchison, and many others whose names are to be found high on the roll-call of fame. There will be at the present meeting a few veterans whose constancy to the Association is quite touching, but "the younger generation is knocking at the door," as in all other departments of life. Among the distinguished scientists who are expected one may name Professor W. E. Ritter, of Heidelberg, Professor E. C. Hansen, of Copenhagen; Dr. Haviland Field, Dr. Bashford Dean, Professor Langley, from the United States, and MM. Berthelin, Dantzenburg, and Dollfus, from France. It is probable that the president, Sir Douglas Galton, will take the opportunity of resigning the general secretaryship of the Association, the duties of which he has so tactfully discharged for so long a period.

One good result of these annual meetings is that they cause the reading public to take a deeper interest in the discoveries of science, on which our health, happiness, and progress so greatly depend. If one recalls the marvellous advances which have been made in the arrangements of daily life—the telephone, the extension of telegraphy, and electric lighting, to name only a few matters—it will be evident that we have been dependent far more on men of science for the wonders of the age than on politicians. John Bright once paid a deserved eulogy to the transforming genius of engineers, whose acts, he said, live long after the written or spoken word has been forgotten. It is a healthy sign that during the past ten years there has been a steady increase in the spread of scientific literature. Men of genius, said Schopenhauer, stand to the rest of the world



POST OFFICE AND TOWN HALL, IPSWICH.

P. Thompson, who has chosen as his topic "Magnetism in Rotation." Professor P. F. Frankland lectures on "The Work of Pasteur and Its Various Developments," and to working men Professor Fison will speak on the interesting subject of colour. The excursions arranged will include trips to Bury St. Edmunds, Orford, Butley, Chillesford, and the Red Crag district, as

The soirées, which have been a pleasant feature of the meeting in years past, will again be given, and it is safe to predict that Ipswich will more than sustain its high reputation for hospitality. Fortunately, the various halls in which the sections meet are not so far separated from each other as was the case at Cardiff, and the members of the Association will consequently be able to attend different gatherings with much less loss of time. The travellers' tales, which are ever enticing to the stay-at-home public, will at Ipswich be from the lips of Mr. Borchgrevink, Mr. Scott-Elliot, Mr. Aubyn Trevor-Battye, who spent such an interesting time on the little-frequented island of Kolguev, and others. It remains to be seen whether any new reputation will be achieved, as was the case with Miss Menie Muriel Dowie, who took the Association by storm by the charming relation of her experiences in the Karpathians some years ago. At any rate, it is safe to prophesy a success for the Ipswich meeting.

With regard to the previous gathering of the British Association in 1851, it may be mentioned that then the number of members was



ST. PETER'S DOCK, IPSWICH.

as schoolmasters; and it is good that for one week in the year the "school" of the British Association is open to all comers, and its lessons may be read by everyone.



ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH, IPSWICH.



WOLSEY'S GATE, IPSWICH.



CALM REFLECTIONS.



Royal Sovereign.

Resolution.

Empress of India.

Repulse.

Endymion.
Blenheim.

THE CHANNEL SQUADRON AT ANCHOR OFF THE FORTH BRIDGE, SEPTEMBER 2.

Sketch by Sub-Lieutenant H. W. Osburn, R.N., "Repulse."

LITERATURE.

CONCERNING KEATS.

BY PROFESSOR DOWDEN.

The Poetical Works of John Keats. Edited by H. Buxton Forman. Fourth edition. (London: Reeves and Turner, 1895.)—The continued demand for this admirable edition of Keats is an indication that amid our strife of politics, our contest of creeds and churches, our laying down of keels, our zeal for cordite, our rush for "Kassirs" and "Westralians," beauty remains a possession, and great verse is cherished by more than a little clan. In the third edition Mr. Forman, most faithful of editors, included what was to be added from the new material which became available since 1884, and now the publishers have given as pictorial illustrations the well-known designs of Mr. Will H. Low. These, if they do not satisfy the imagination, and if they lack the ardour, the magic, and the colour of Keats, are yet graceful in outline and harmonious in sentiment. Fortunately, the present year has brought another gift to the lovers of Keats in Mr. Robert Bridges' critical essay. The author of "Hudibras" declared that a poet should be tried by a jury of his peers—

And not by pedants and philosophers,
Incompetent to judge poetic fury.

Mr. Bridges writes in a spirit of equitable sympathy which might well qualify him for the position of foreman of such a jury, but where are the eleven to be found? The "critical essay" appears in a somewhat mysterious manner—Mr. Bridges has lately protested against the charge of superfine modes of publication—with the words "privately printed" on the title-page, while the little volume is, or not long ago was, on sale for vulgar coin of the realm. There is, doubtless, some good reason, unknown to us, for what looks like literary coyness; but one could wish that a piece of work so careful, so delicate, and so valuable in suggestion, even where its judgments and conclusions are open to question, were in the hands of all readers who value aright Mr. Forman's volume.

Since Mrs. Owen published in 1880 her interesting "Keats, a Study," the tendency of criticism has been to dwell less upon the sensuous side of the poet's genius and more upon the moral or spiritual significance of his work—the idea embodied in the imagery. Matthew Arnold's essay corrected the vulgar error that Keats was a creature of mere voluptuous sensations endowed with an imagination fitted to interpret and idealise those sensations. He was certainly much more; but in his best writing the thought is so absolutely incarnated in its imaginative expression that if the one be separated from the other, life seems to have departed from both; or the idea eludes our grasp and the image crumbles to dust. It is well that a reader should hold with Keats himself that "beauty is truth, truth beauty," and accept a living whole without sundering the reasonable soul from the human flesh. But it is well also to be aware of the presence of the living spirit in the living form, and Mr. Bridges' essay, even where it fails to convince, quickens our feeling for Keats's genius as a spiritual force. His observations on details of workmanship are often exactly right, and such as we should expect from one who is an exquisite craftsman of English verse. Mr. Forman prints "La Belle Dame sans Merci"—and undoubtedly he is justified in so doing—with the first line as it appeared in Leigh Hunt's "Indicator": "Ah! what can ail thee, *wretched wight*"; but Mr. Bridges expresses what is in the consciousness of every competent reader when he describes Keats's correction as "cold and poor, and fatal to the tragic motive of the poem, whereas the original *knight-at-arms* gives the keynote of romance and of aloofness from real life, and the suggestion of armour is of the greatest value to the general colouring." Most interesting are Mr. Bridges' remarks on the revision of "Hyperion," which he regards as representing a transitional period in the progress of Keats's art, a period unhappily arrested in its development. The poet had grown jealous of that Miltonic influence under which his highest work came into existence: he was touched by the power of Dante; he aimed at a certain severity; he returned in some measure to allegory; and he had come to value "the life of action and conduct above that of meditation and poetry." He condemns, as selfish, says Mr. Bridges, "the merely artistic life which he had been leading; and he is now preaching that actual contact and sympathy with human misery and sorrow are the only school for real insight, which is the reward of true human conduct." Mr. Bridges admits the luxurious habit of Keats's mind, but this was held in check by his "practical human qualities," and by the "unbroken and unflagging earnestness" of his entire nature as man and as poet.

THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

Memoirs of the Empress Josephine. II. S. Nichols.—There would be more plausibility in this work if Madame Le Normand, who gave it first to the world in 1818, could have restrained herself from biographical rhapsody. Her account of Josephine's earlier years is conceived in the very spirit of fable. We have the prediction of the soothsayer of Martinique that the pretty little Creole would eventually mate with the conqueror of Europe. When Josephine sails for France there is a portent in the sky. The events which led to the marriage with M. de Beauharnais, are set out with extraordinary incoherence, showing that the writer was most imperfectly acquainted with the facts. Such a prelude fills the reader with scepticism before he reaches the ostensible narrative of Josephine, who paints herself as an angel of goodness, and as the only barrier between Bonaparte's fortunes and an avenging destiny. Unhappily for the good faith of this account, the world is quite familiar with Josephine's character. There is overwhelming evidence of the frailties

of her widowhood and the infidelities of her wedded life. When Bonaparte returned unexpectedly from Egypt, Josephine, in great alarm, hurried to meet him on the road, missed him, and returned to the house in Paris to find the door of his room locked against her. For the greater part of the night he withstood her entreaties for forgiveness, and yielded at last when she brought her children, Eugène and Hortense, to mingle their prayers and sobs with hers. Needless to say, this incident, which is perfectly authentic, finds no place in these Memoirs. Josephine presents herself to us as the devoted wife and the unerring counsellor. It is she who inspires the faint-hearted adherents of Bonaparte on the eve of Brumaire; it is she who constantly strives to check the gigantesque developments of his ambition; it is she who even urges him to play the part of General Monk and restore the Bourbons. When he says his power is unassailable, it is she who replies, "Yes, *while Josephine shall be your best friend!*" It is she who is eternally making speeches full of prophecies, afterwards fulfilled to the letter. There are pages and pages of her eloquence addressed to Bonaparte at the most critical moments of his career. Even when he has divorced her, and another woman reigns in her stead, he visits her at Malmaison and tells her that he loves her still. It is really an extremely dramatic scene, brought to a climax by Josephine's vehement warning against the projected invasion of Russia. From beginning to end it is the same story. Napoleon was great and successful only when Josephine was by his side, and when he listened to her advice. This is a little too much. Such a faultless Egeria cannot be reconciled with what the world knows of the Creole who was undoubtedly loved by Napoleon as he never loved any other woman. But the Memoirs, whatever may be thought of their veracity, are full of interest. The scenes between Napoleon and Josephine which preceded the divorce are described with graphic force. Although, beyond these Memoirs, nobody knows the Josephine whose omniscient eye sees everywhere the signs of Napoleon's ruin, whose chief pleasures are not in the splendour of a Court, but in the retirement of a rural scene, whose memory is always ready with quotations from ancient and modern poetry, especially from Young's "Night Thoughts," there is an undoubted fascination in the narrative. Its wealth of historical detail, the familiarity with military movements, and with many scenes which Josephine could not have witnessed, betray the mechanism of the whole book. But it is excellent reading, and gives a fascinating picture of the contraries of Napoleon's personal character.—L. F. AUSTIN.

AN ITALIAN STORY-TELLER OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

Novellieri Italiani. By Matteo Bandello. Twelve Stories selected and done into English, with a Memoir of the Author, by Percy Pinkerton. (John C. Nimmo, 1895.)—Bandello came a hundred years after Boccaccio, who first made popular the prose "short story," now so greatly in demand among ourselves. A cultivated Italian Churchman, the friend of Scaliger and of many of his most distinguished countrymen, Bandello was, as Boccaccio had been, employed in important negotiations, and, like Ulysses, saw many cities and the manners of many men, experiences which he turned to account in writing his novels, or rather, novelettes. In the contest between France and Spain for domination in Italy, he took part with France, and was rewarded by being appointed to the French see of Agen. Being a free and easy ecclesiastic of a type common in his time, he discharged his episcopal duties by deputy, much preferring tale-writing to sermonising. Mr. Pinkerton has translated into excellent English a dozen of Bandello's many novelettes, and has prefixed an adequate memoir of their author. The natural fondness of a translator for his original tempts Mr. Pinkerton to place Bandello as a story-teller above Boccaccio, a verdict which those familiar with both will hesitate to endorse. But undoubtedly Bandello deserves the praise of simplicity and directness bestowed on him by his translator. To judge from Mr. Pinkerton's specimens, he is least satisfactory when he aims at being comic or humorous. He is at his best when he has a tragical story to tell, and the Italy of the fifteenth century, still resembling the Italy of the Borgias, furnished him with ample material of the kind. There is one tragical story in the volume which is very striking in itself, and in the light which it throws on the darker side of the Italian character as Bandello knew it, though he has transferred the scene from Italy to Spain. A beauty in humble life fascinates a nobleman into marrying her. After a time he deserts her, and commits bigamy by marrying in his own rank. The first wife allures him to pay her one last visit. With the help of a slave she binds him, when asleep, hand and foot. Arming herself with knife and pincers, when he wakes she mangles deliberately her quivering victim, limb by limb, reviling him the while. The tongue which had deceived her she cuts out, the eyes which had been fascinated by her beauty she gouges, the arms which had embraced her she cuts off, and so he expires in agony. The simplicity and directness which Mr. Pinkerton admires in Bandello are conspicuous in his way of telling this horrible story.

There is in the volume one tale, tragical, though in a very different fashion, which has a peculiar interest for English readers. Bandello was the first to tell fully and freely the story of Romeo and Juliet. Shakspeare in all probability derived the plot of his exquisite drama from a French version of Bandello's tale, which was much altered in the process of translation. In Bandello, the poison which Romeo swallows does not take effect until Juliet has waked from her trance, and the scene which follows the mutual recognition of the lovers is very pathetic. Romeo with his last breath entreats Juliet to survive his death. "However," says Bandello, "she would on no account listen to him; but being resolved to die, she checked within her all her vital forces, and embracing Romeo once more, straightway expired." On the stage a mode of suicide speedier or easier than this would be needed.—FRANCIS ESPINASSE.

A LITERARY LETTER.

Have any of my readers seen the very rare Browning booklet, "Gold Hair; A Legend of Parnic," published in 1862 for purposes of copyright? Browning wrote "Gold Hair" for the *Atlantic Monthly*, and hence the first English edition of perhaps half-a-dozen copies. There are three stanzas less in this edition than in the final form of the poem. The first edition of "Dramatis Personæ" also gives the poem without these stanzas. They were added at the suggestion of George Eliot, who, at one of the Sunday gatherings at the Priory, remarked to Mr. Browning that the motive of the poem was not made sufficiently clear. The poet returned a few days afterwards with the amended version in autograph. This is now in the possession of Mrs. Charles Lee Lewes. Here are the added stanzas—

XXI.
Hid there? Why? Could the girl be wont
(She, the stainless soul) to treasure up
Money, earth's trash and Heaven's affront?
Had a spider found out the communion-cup,
Was a toad in the christening-font?

XXII.
Truth is truth: too true it was,
Gold! She hoarded and hugged it first,
Longed for it, leaped o'er it, loved it—alas—
Till the humour grew to a head and burst
And she cried, at the final pass,—

XXIII.
"Talk not of God, my heart is stone!
Nor lover nor friend—be gold for both!
Gold I lack; and, my all, my own,
It shall hide in my hair. I scarce die loth,
If they let my hair alone!"

There is a very interesting poem by Mr. Lionel Johnson on Cromwell in this week's *Speaker*. I am tempted to quote the concluding stanzas—

Prince of the iron rod
And war's imperious mail,
Did he indeed for God
Fight over and prevail,
Bidding the Lord of Hosts *A! Hail!*

Or was it ardent lust
Of majesty and might
That stung and fired and thrust
His soul into the fight:
Mystic desire and fierce delight?

Nay, peace for evermore,
O martyred souls! He comes,
Your conquered conqueror:
No trappings now nor drums
Are his, who wrought your martyrdoms.

Tragic, triumphant form,
He comes to your dim ways,
Comes upon wings of storm:
Greet him with pardoning praise,
With marvelling awe, with equal gaze!

Unpublished letters of Byron are not too common, I fancy, although perhaps Mr. John Murray, with those priceless literary treasures of his in Albemarle Street, could tell another story; but here, at any rate, is one which I handled the other day—

Missolonghi. March 30th, 1824.

Dear Sir,—Signor Zaimi, the third Greek Deputy, will deliver this letter of introduction—which he has requested—although I told him that it was superfluous, as his name and nation were ample recommendations in themselves.

I have received yours of the 4th of February, in which you mention having received mine of the 10th and 12th Sept., 1823. As you merely allude to them, and do not state the receipt of several other communications, address either to yourself or to Mr. Hobhouse for your perusal, some of them containing documents of considerable importance relative to the Cause, or information connected with it, I am to conclude that these have not arrived.

Col. Stanhope's and Capt. Parry's reports will have informed the Committee of what is doing or has been done here, and Signor Zaimi will be able to communicate still further, what will render any detail of mine unnecessary. I shall observe the Committee's directions with regard to the Officers and Medical men. Mr. Tyndale had stated to me that he had a claim on the Committee for £35 sterling as passage money, and some others of the officers, foreign or native, have preferred, in a slighter degree, similar pretensions. To Mr. Tyndale I advanced 200 dollars, and to the Germans a smaller sum. I am not stating this as calling upon the Committee to *repay me*, sensible that such advances are at my own risk; but I do wish seriously to impress upon the Committee either *not* to send out officers of any description, or to provide for their maintenance.

I am at this moment paying nearly *thirty officers* (it is to be observed, however, that most of these are either German or other foreigners; but very few of the English are better provided. It is true that they do not claim actual pay from the Committee; but they state that hopes were held out to them which the Greek Government have not realised), of whom five-and-twenty would not have bread to eat (in Greece, that is) if I did not. Even their rations are obtained with difficulty, and their actual pay comes from myself.

I am called to a meeting at Salona with Ulysses and other Chiefs on business in a few days; the weather and the flooding of the rivers have delayed P. Maurocordato and myself for some time, but appear to be now settling.

The News of the Loan have excited much expectation and pleasure amongst the Greeks; the dissensions in the Morea still continue, and hamper them a good deal; but the Opening of the Campaign will probably re-unite the parties, at least; if that do not, nothing will.

P. Maurocordato will write to you by this opportunity. I cashed some bills for him (for £550 sterling) lately, drawn by him on you, for which he says that SS. Orlando and Luriotti have assets to answer the amount. This you will know better than I can do.—I have the honour to be your very obedient and faithful servant,

To J. Bowring, Esq., &c., &c.

C. K. S.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

A correspondent of a medical journal, writing of the state of the London, Brighton, and South Coast carriages, treats of them as not only "dirty and insanitary," but as exhibiting grievous faults in respect of construction, which allows jolting and vibration to an injurious extent. He adds that many of the third-class carriages especially are not waterproof. It is to be hoped that the executive, to whom the writer of the communication referred to has unavailingly appealed, will not delay in remedying these crying abuses. A rich railway corporation should be beyond and above the necessity of being told that its rolling-stock is a byword and a reproach in days when railway organisation at large is so perfect.

7. P takes P	P to R 6th
8. K to B 4th	P to K B 4th
9. P to R 6th	P to B 5th

But although those who are only slipping down over the crest of the hill may be caught and preserved by the aid of their own will, it is but too certain that the true dipsomaniac can only be reclaimed by force. Jane Cakebread, it may be safely predicted, will never remain at Duxhurst doing gardening and house-work till she is reclaimed. For hopeless cases—that is to say for cases from which it is hopeless to expect voluntary effort for cure—there certainly should be forcible detention. At one time, with the strong belief in individual freedom that is a principle to me, I did not think so, but I have since seen so much of the horrible misery to others caused by the “freedom” of the drunkard, that I am perfectly convinced now that he or she has not, on the most advanced grounds of individuality, a right to be left at liberty to inflict such harm. The drunken wife and mother, the drunken husband or son, is as dangerous as the mad, or even worse, and has no more “right” to be free to torture and destroy. Doubtless, the forcible and prolonged curative detention of drunkards would need to be safeguarded by many legal obligations; but, after all, the distinction between the habitually intemperate—the dipsomaniac—and the only occasional excessive drinker is clear enough. As to notorious women like Jane Cakebread, it is to be feared that the vanity of fame enters into such a case, and that frequent imprisonment for a short time loses its terrors and becomes attractive. It is a strange sort of vanity, truly, but it exists—a craze for the mere notice, even the contemptuous notice, of the crowd. The man who burned down York Cathedral owned that he did it “to be talked about”—the selfsame reason why Alcibiades cut off his dog’s tail and Baudelaire dyed his own hair apple-green. We must not make our female drunkards heroines.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 9, 1892) of Mr. William Sang, of Cork Street, woollen merchant, and of 24, Kensington Park Gardens, Notting Hill, and Pinkney's Lodge, Maidenhead, who died on July 15, was proved on Aug. 29 by Mrs. Janet Sang; the widow, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £145,293. The testator leaves £1000 and all his jewellery, plate, pictures, books, works of art, furniture, articles of household use or ornament, wines, stores, horses and carriages to his wife; his freehold house, 8, Warwick Street, and £80,000, upon trust, for her for life; and he gives her the option of occupying either or both of his residences, 24, Kensington Park Gardens, and Pinkney's Lodge, she paying the rents, etc. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he gives one third each, upon trust, for his daughters, Lillian Jessie Marian, Mabel Evelyn, and Hilda Mary, for their respective lives, and then for their issue as they shall respectively appoint.

The will (dated Nov. 13, 1893), with six codicils (dated Sept. 28 and Nov. 16, 1894, Jan. 2, 17, and 29 and Feb. 11, 1895), of Mr. Richard Birkin, J.P., formerly of Nottingham, and late of 1, Clarence Terrace, Regent's Park, who died on March 14, was proved on Aug. 22 by William Bohm, Charles Grey Hill, and William Frederick Bromley, the executors; the value of the personal estate amounting to £81,085. The testator bequeaths £50 each to the Nottingham General Hospital and the Nottingham Dispensary; and legacies to trustees, relatives, servants, and others. There are also some specific gifts to his sons. He directs the residue of his real and personal estate to be divided into one hundred parts, and fifty of such parts he leaves, upon trust, for his son, William A'Court Granville, forty parts, upon trust, for his son Alfred de Grey; and the remaining ten parts, upon trust, for his son, Hubert Byron Cliffe. Certain specified amounts are to be deducted from the son's shares.

The will (dated May 8, 1894) of Mr. Robert Miller, of The Lawn, Battersea, barge-builder, who died on June 29, was proved on Aug. 23 by Mrs. Charlotte Adams Miller the widow, Robert Miller, and William Higgs, jun., the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £72,902. The testator bequeaths £500, and all his household furniture and effects, to his wife; he empowers his trustees to carry on his business of a barge-builder, and if his stepson Robert Miller takes charge of same, and devotes his whole time and attention thereto to the satisfaction of his wife, he is to be paid one moiety of the profits. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life; and at her death he gives his freehold residence, The Lawn, the freehold wharf adjoining, and the goodwill of his business (or the proceeds thereof if previously sold), to the said Robert Miller; £5000, upon trust, for his niece Elizabeth Rebecca Miller, the wife of his stepson William John Miller, for life, and then for her children by him; £2000 to his sister Elizabeth Marshall Marshall; and other legacies. The ultimate residue is to be equally divided between his said

stepson Robert Miller, and his stepdaughter Charlotte Elizabeth Higgs.

The will (dated Oct. 11, 1888), with a codicil (dated March 1, 1895), of Sir Joseph Dodge Weston, Knight, of Dorset House, Clifton Road, Bristol, who died on March 5, was proved on Aug. 30 by Joseph Weston Stevens and Albert Fry, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £48,069. The testator bequeaths £10,000 and all his furniture and effects to his wife, Dame Harriet Annie Weston, in addition to £20,000 settled upon her; and considerable legacies to relatives (in addition to settlements made on several of them) and others. He also bequeaths £500 each to the Bristol Royal Infirmary and the Bristol General Hospital; £250 each to the Children's Hospital, St. Michael's Hill, Bristol, and Müller's Orphanage; £100 each to the Established Church City Mission, the Bristol Congregational City Mission, the Sunday school connected with Castle Green Chapel, and for the benefit of the poor of the same chapel; and £50 to the Bristol Eye Hospital. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he gives one third to his wife, one third to his sister, Mrs. Stevens, and one third to be divided between the other legatees named in his will whose legacies are over £1000 each.

The will (dated Feb. 2, 1888) of Sir Charles James Palmer, Bart., of Dorney Court, Bucks, who died on July 11, at 2, Sinclair Road, West Kensington, was proved on Aug. 27 by John Palmer and Lionel Ley, two of the executors, power being reserved to Earl Carrington, the other executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £35,064. The testator bequeaths £5000, upon trust, for his wife, Lady Katharine Millicent Palmer, for life; and £5000 each, upon trust, for his daughters, Edith Gerrard Hood Palmer and Mabel Palmer. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his son, Charles Henry Dayrell Palmer.

The will (dated June 24, 1886), with two codicils (dated Dec. 29, 1892, and July 16, 1895), of Mr. William Henry Luard Pattison, of The Manse, Writtle, near Chelmsford, Essex, brewer, who died on July 16, was proved on Aug. 24 by Walter Badely Pattison and Frederick Luard Pattison, the brothers, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £24,064. The testator gives his freehold residence, The Manse, with all his plate, pictures, jewellery, furniture, wines, stores, effects, horses and carriages, and £6000 to his wife, Mrs. Emily Celestine Pattison. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, she maintaining and educating his children. At her death £6000 is to be held, upon further trust, for his daughter, Ella Celestine; and the ultimate residue is to go to his children, other than the said Ella Celestine, or remoter issue, as his wife shall appoint.

The will (dated Nov. 29, 1894), with a codicil (dated March 21, 1895), of the Hon. Miss Charlotte Sugden, of Riversdale, Thames Ditton, who died on July 7, was proved on Aug. 30 by Thomas Hutchinson Tristram, Q.C., D.C.L., and William Mann Trollope, the executors, the value of

the personal estate amounting to £11,106. The testatrix gives £1100 and her contingent interest in the Peasmore estate devised to her by her father's will to her nephew, Arthur Sugden; £2600 to her niece, Emily Reilly; £1000 to her sister, the Hon. Augusta Reilly; and numerous pecuniary and specific legacies to members of her family, executors, servants, and others. Her freehold residence, Riversdale, and the residue of her real and personal estate, she leaves, upon trust, for the wife, son, and three daughters of her nephew, the Hon. Henry Sugden.

The will of Miss Helen Sophy Stevenson, of 5, Medina Villas, Brighton, who died on July 20 at 45, Abingdon Villas, Kensington, was proved on Aug. 9 by Joscelyn Augustus de Morgan, Lechmere Frederic Ainslie Whitmore, and William Mandeville Keane, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £10,907.

The will of Rear-Admiral Henry Salmond, J.P., of Waterfoot, Cumberland, and Langton Hall, Notts, who died on April 28, was proved at the Nottingham District Registry on Aug. 7 by Mrs. Elizabeth Isabella Salmond, the widow, and William Thomas Cartwright, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £7753.

The will and codicil of Mr. William Bay Owen, of 16, Scarsdale Villas, Kensington, formerly of Cleveland Square, Hyde Park, and Finchfield, Essex, who died on July 20, were proved on Aug. 3 by John Owen and Douglas William Owen, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £4248.

The directors of the Grafton Galleries expect to hold an exhibition in May connected with the drama and the stage. The walls will be covered with portraits of leading actresses and actors of various periods, and with pictures of dramatic subjects, as well as playbills of interest. Sir Henry Irving has promised to contribute several curios, and the exhibition is likely to prove a very attractive one.

The "Irish night" at the Promenade Concerts in Queen's Hall, on Sept. 5, was chiefly notable for a performance of some of Professor Villiers Stanford's "Suite of Dances," and the same composer's fine Irish Symphony. The latter, under watchful Mr. H. J. Wood's baton, made a great effect. The conductor also proved an admirable accompanist, although it would not be easy to excel Mr. H. Lane Wilson, who acts in this capacity at the Promenade Concerts. Mr. Lloyd Chandos sang, with rather a sense of strain, "Come into the garden, Maud," achieving a better success with "I'll sing thee songs of Araby," given as an encore. Mr. Ludwig's deep voice was heard to advantage in two ballads, and Madame Marian Mackenzie received customary applause for a charming rendering of "Killarney," an example of clear enunciation and beautiful phrasing. Miss Daisy Creeny, of Belfast, made her debut at this Promenade Concert. She has a strong voice, with good upper register, and was encored for her singing of "The Minstrel Boy." Miss Creeny met with immediate favour from the large audience, and will, doubtless, secure a good position in the singing world.

'Life is not given to us for the mere sake of living, but always with an ulterior aim.'—CARLYLE.

WHY FORMED AT ALL, AND WHEREFORE AS THOU ART?



PLATO MEDITATING ON IMMORTALITY BEFORE SOCRATES, THE BUTTERFLY, SKULL, AND POPPY, ABOUT 400 B.C.

'Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind;
But leave, oh! leave the light of hope behind.'

PLATO'S MEDITATION ON IMMORTALITY.

"It must be so; Plato, thou reasonest well;

Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after Immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the Soul

Back on itself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself that points to the hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man."—ADDISON.

TO-MORROW'S HIDDEN SEASON.

Knowest thou yesterday its aim and reason?

Workest thou well to-day for worthy things?

Calmly wait to-morrow's hidden season;

Need'st not fear what hap so e'er it brings.—T. CARLYLE.

'Duty alone is true; there is no true action but in its accomplishment. Duty is the end and aim of the highest life; the truest pleasure of all is that derived from the consciousness of its fulfilment. . . . And when we have done our work on earth—of necessity, of labour, of love, or of duty—like the silkworm, that spins its little cocoon and dies, we too depart. But, short though our stay in life may be, it is the appointed sphere in which each has to work out the great aim and end of his being to the best of his power; and when that is done, the accidents of the flesh will affect but little the Immortality we shall at last put on.'—SMILES.

THE BREAKING OF LAWS, REBELLING AGAINST GREAT TRUTHS.

INSTINCTS, INCLINATIONS, IGNORANCE, AND FOLLIES. DISCIPLINE AND SELF-DENIAL, THAT PRECIOUS BOON, THE HIGHEST AND BEST IN LIFE.

WHY SHOULD FEVER, that vile slayer of millions of the human race, not be as much and more hunted up, and its career stopped, as the solitary wretch who causes his fellow a violent death? The murderer, as he is called, is quickly made an example of by the law. Fevers are, at most, universally acknowledged to be preventable diseases; how is it that they are allowed to level their thousands every year, and millions to suffer almost without protest? The most ordinary observer must be struck with the huge blunder. Who's to blame? For the means of preventing premature death from disease, read a Pamphlet given with each Bottle of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' The information is invaluable. If this invaluable information were universally carried out, many forms of disease, now producing such havoc, would cease to exist, as Plague, Leprosy, &c., have done when the true cause has become known. ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' (one of Nature's own products) keeps the blood pure, and is thus of itself one of the most valuable means of keeping the blood free from Fevers and Blood Poisons, Liver Complaints, &c., ever discovered. As a means of preserving and restoring health it is unequalled; and it is, moreover, a pleasant, refreshing, and invigorating beverage. After a patient and careful observation of its effects when used, I have no hesitation in stating that if its great value in keeping the body healthy were universally known, not a household in the land would be without it, nor a single travelling-trunk or portmanteau but would contain it.

Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it, you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Prepared only at
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"J. C. ENO, London."



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MEMORIAL TO SIR JOHN INGLIS AT LUCKNOW.

There has been recently erected at Lucknow a monument to commemorate the distinguished services of Sir John Inglis, who with a very few men valiantly defended the Residency for eighty-seven days. Fortunately at this period, when we have been so recently reminded by events in Chitral of the bravery of the British soldier, there is no need to extol one of the grandest deeds in the history of the Indian Empire. Upon the monument has been engraved the following inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Major-General Sir John Inglis, K.C.B. (Colonel H.M.'s 32nd Regiment), who with a handful of devoted men defended the Residency of Lucknow for eighty-seven days against an overwhelming force of the enemy. Born Nov. 15, 1814. Died at Homburg, Germany, Sept. 27, 1862, from illness contracted during the siege. This monument is erected by his surviving comrades and friends, A.D. 1894." Hardly anyone who has studied the pages of history will require to be reminded that Sir John Inglis was the commander of the garrison throughout the actual fighting, which occurred from the second day of the siege, when the gallant Sir Henry Lawrence died, until the welcome arrival of succour under Sir Henry Havelock. There is now, we understand, an intention to erect a monument in England in addition to that already placed in Lucknow, and we are quite sure that it would be an inspiration to every English youth who gazed upon it, as well as a fitting tribute to a good man.

The borough of Halifax is about to honour the Right Hon. Sir James Stansfeld, G.C.B., by conferring upon him its freedom. It appears that Sir James will be the first recipient of this compliment, to which his long services fully entitle him. It was in 1859 that he entered the House of Commons as member for Halifax, and till his retirement from political life, a short time ago, he remained representative of this constituency. Time has fulfilled many of the reforms for which he struggled, and Halifax rightly claims this tribute to its old member, as an expression of gratitude for the many years during which he has unostentatiously laboured for it, and for the good of his fellow-countrymen.

Just when more than usual attention is being given to railways comes the announcement of the death of Mr. Joseph Bell, who drove the "Rocket." Mr. Bell for twenty-three years had the experience of being the driver



MEMORIAL TO SIR JOHN INGLIS AT LUCKNOW.

of the South-Eastern Dover mail. Afterwards he served the District Railway Company for seventeen years, so that his total service was for a very long period.

A general committee of most unwieldy proportions has been formed to establish a memorial to the late Professor Huxley. The matter is a national one, and the Prince of Wales has therefore accepted the honorary presidency of the committee, which has most decided grounds for appealing on behalf of so right an object. It will be well to commemorate Huxley's great services. By the way, could not the memorial be in some way linked with the name of Tyndall as well? The one name almost suggests the other, and they were in some ways twin brethren as well as distinguished contemporaries.

THE UGANDA RAILWAY.

We have heard so many irresponsible statements as to the Uganda Railway, and so little official information, that the following description, which Reuter's Agency has obtained from what is declared to be an authoritative source, will be read with interest, though also with caution: "The first one hundred and forty miles from Mombasa to Tzavo is over a plain with a very gradual rise, covered with mimosa scrub, along which no cuttings or embankments will be required. This part of the line traverses the Taro Desert, one of the great drawbacks to a journey to Uganda in the dry season, sixty miles of waterless desert having to be covered. From Tzavo for another fifty miles to Kibwesi is the tsetse-fly belt; it is easy ground, but rather more undulating than the first section. Several Mombasa merchants have stations for buying local grain, and there is on this part of the route an industrial mission founded by Sir William Mackinnon. At a point forty miles beyond Kibwesi the line branches off to the left of the caravan route, avoiding the station of Machako, and not rejoining the road until near Kikuyu, thus avoiding some very rough and difficult country which caravans have to encounter. Here the line runs over rolling prairie. After the line rejoins the caravan route near Kikuyu there is a sharp rise in the ground of 600 ft. in a section of ten miles. This is the first engineering difficulty encountered. All this district is 6000 ft. to 7000 ft. above sea-level, and is very healthy. From this point the railway enters prairie and grass-land covered with game, but practically uninhabited. For a further fifty miles the railway traverses an undulating country with no engineering difficulties. At Kidongoi there is a sharp descent of 500 ft. From Lake Naivasha to Molo (450 miles from the coast) there is grass-land; then the line enters a thickly wooded country with a rise of 800 ft. in fourteen miles. Here is Eldoma Ravine, the only serious obstacle along the route. The ravine has very steep banks 300 ft. high, and is 300 ft. in width. This will necessitate the construction of a good iron bridge. In the next ten miles there is a rise of 1000 ft. through the dense Subuyu forest. Emerging from the forest at about one hundred and fifty miles from the Victoria Nyanza, the traveller meets rapidly undulating grass-land to the borders of Kavirondo—a thickly populated and highly cultivated country not very easy to traverse. From that point the line runs to the terminus at Berkeley Bay, forty miles distant, on the north-east shore of the lake, over an easy country. It is intended that the train shall take eight days to do the journey."

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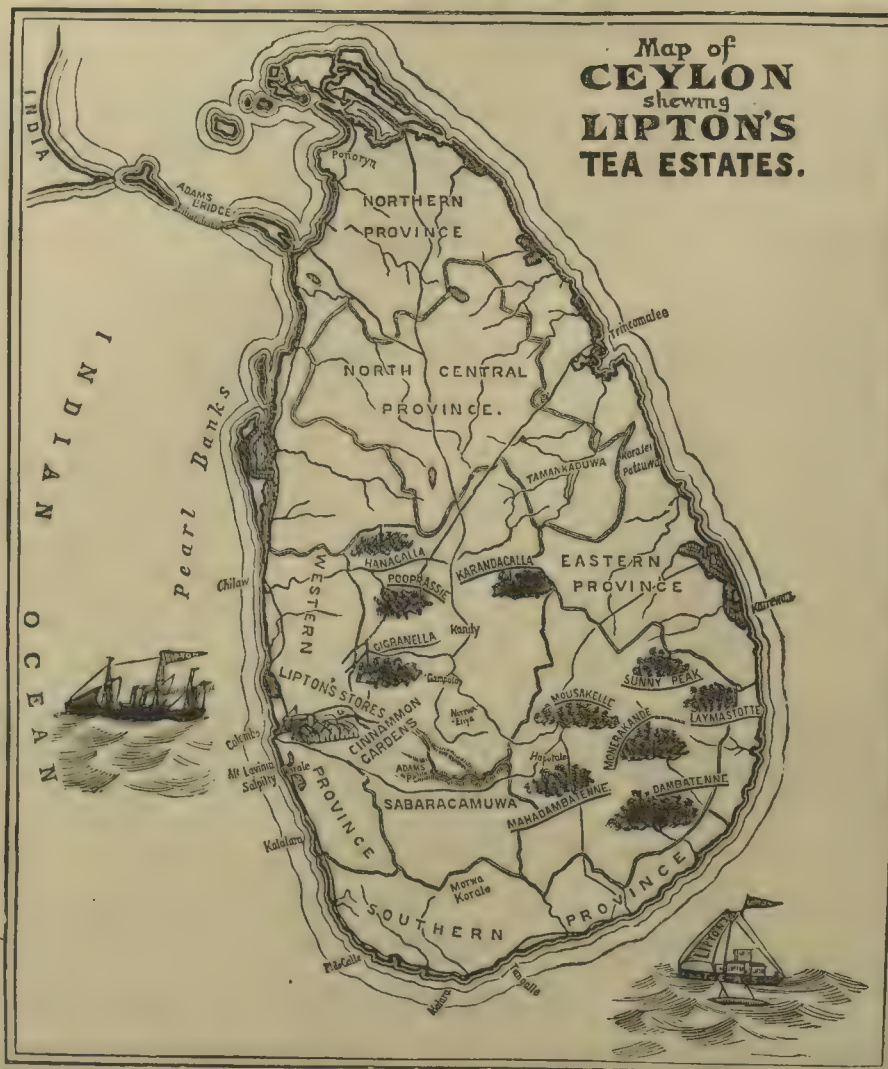
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ST. CUTHBERT'S COLLEGE,
WORKSOP.

This handsome building, of which we give an illustration, was dedicated on Sept. 4 with much ceremony. St. Cuthbert's College is the latest of the now famous "Woodward Schools," the object of which is to provide a sound religious and commercial education to the middle classes, on the lines of the old public schools. The building operations are not yet finished, but enough of the edifice has been completed to accommodate some two hundred boys, and these will be admitted at once. The ceremony of dedication was performed by the Bishop of Southwell, and there was an imposing procession of ecclesiastical dignitaries, including, besides Dr. Ridding, the Bishops of Lichfield, Southampton, and Reading, Bishops Mitchinson, Anson, and Macrorie; the Deans of Rochester, Manchester, Lichfield, and Peterborough; the Warden of Keble College, Oxford; the Provost of Denstone, etc. A large number of influential laity were also present. The sermon was preached by the Very Rev. S. Reynolds Hole, D.D.; and the religious service was followed by a public luncheon in the College Hall, an extremely fine building, as our illustration shows. Internally, it possesses a handsome hammer-beam roof. The College stands in its own grounds of one hundred acres, close to the famous "Dukeries" in Nottinghamshire. It is planned on the collegiate arrangement of a large closed quadrangle, 170 ft. square inside. On either side will be dormitories, libraries, class-rooms, etc. In the front side will be the porter's lodge, with masters' rooms and



ST. CUTHBERT'S COLLEGE, WORKSOP.

studies. On the opposite side will be the Great School-room, with cloisters to connect it with the Chapel (which will project towards the east) and the Dining-Hall (which projects towards the west). The architects are Messrs. Carpenter and Ingelow, and the work has already cost £20,000.

Of considerable interest to a large portion of the British public, as well as to his many friends, is the health of the Right. Hon. Cecil Rhodes. That gentleman, who in some respects holds the key to the situation in South Africa, has not been enjoying very good health lately. It is now, however, reported that Mr. Rhodes is again able to attend to the many important matters that come before him. The latest bulletin was "He is decidedly better."

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE
AT COLCHESTER.

The Duke of Cambridge visited Colchester as Commander-in-Chief for the last time on Sept. 5. His Royal Highness, who was accompanied by Lieutenant-General Sir Evelyn Wood and Colonel FitzGeorge, was met at the Great Eastern Railway Station by Major-General Carr Glyn and his staff. The troops in garrison at Colchester were reviewed on the Abbey Field. Twenty-one guns were fired by the 30th, the 52nd, and the 12th Batteries, Royal Artillery, which were stationed at the extreme west of the field. The force assembled comprised battalions of the York and Lancaster Regiment and the Liverpool Regiment, the 20th Hussars, and the King's Dragoon Guards. The troops, having been inspected by the Duke, marched past the saluting-point. They then advanced in review order, and gave three hearty cheers for the Duke, who expressed to Major-General Carr Glyn and his staff the pleasure which the review had afforded him.

The Duke of Marlborough is at present on a visit to the United States, and, needless to say, this has given the American papers plenty to discuss as to his probable intentions, matrimonial and otherwise. The Americans have not forgotten that the young Duke's father married an American lady, as did also his more famous uncle, the late Lord Randolph Churchill. The Duke has been the guest of the Vanderbilts, and his arrival in New York is decidedly one of the features of the season.

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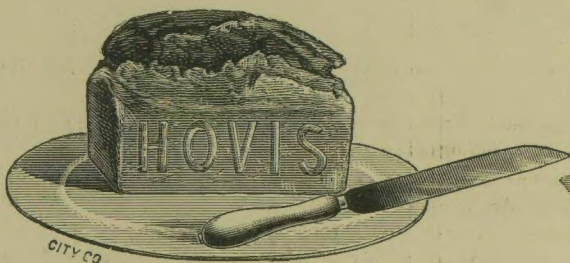
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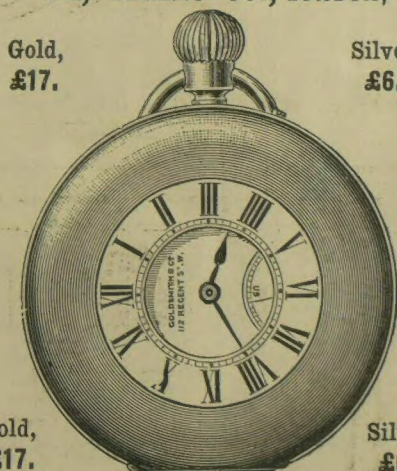
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MISCELLANEOUS.

One is hardly able to believe that the Earl of Lonsdale spent, as is reported, £80,000 on the entertainment of his imperial guest, the German Emperor, at Lowther. There are some noble families which have been crippled by lavish expenditure in days gone by, on behalf of their sovereign. Surely there is some mistake about such an enormous sum as £80,000, spent within such a short period.

Once more the increasing popularity of Wagner was proved by the large audience and its enthusiasm at the Promenade Concert on Sept. 9, in Queen's Hall. Mr. H. J. Wood had to repeat the lively prelude to Act III. of "Lohengrin," so persistent was the demand. Mr. W. A. Peterkin was encored for a careful rendering of "O Star of Eve." The very pretty Albumblatt in C found many admirers, while "Träume" has become so well known that the orchestra's fine playing of this selection was certain to be applauded. The alteration of pitch adopted at these concerts is decidedly noticeable in such a quiet reverie as "Träume." Miss Winifred Ludlam came into rivalry with Patti by singing "Elizabeth's Prayer," and those who have heard the marvellous restrained art of the

prima donna could hardly resist comparison. To say that the memory of Patti was not effaced is no disparagement to Miss Ludlam's careful singing.

What might have been a bad accident happened on Sept. 9 to the battle-ship *Majestic*. She was leaving Portsmouth Harbour for steam trials when she ran aground on a sand-bank, and it was two hours before the great vessel was released.

The Catford Club's fifty miles championship on Tuesday evening ended in the world's record being beaten by J. Platt-Betts. The event was decided on the cement track of the club, at Catford, in pleasant weather. A slight wind blew across the ground, but this was not sufficient to interfere with the seven competitors who turned out for the race. Platt-Betts rode in splendid form, and entering the fourteenth mile, began to get inside the British record. At each succeeding lap he left his opponents further in the rear, the only man to keep within hail of him being A. W. Horton. When Platt-Betts reached his forty-second mile he had got inside the world's record, and, although he slowed down in the next five, he

succeeded in lowering the world's record, made by Lesna at Bordeaux on July 1, by 43 sec. Platt-Betts's time being 1 hour 48 min. 38 2-5 sec. Horton finished second in 1 hour 58 min. 57 1-5 sec.

A fresh record of extreme distance ridden by a bicyclist in twenty-four hours was established at Bordeaux on Sept. 8, in a contest between two French professional bicyclists, Huret and Rivière; the former rode 529 miles and 576 yards in the time, which is the best record.

A remarkable record is contained in the report of the tenth year of educational work at Toynbee Hall. The wide variety of subjects and the fame of the lecturers are points to be at once noticed. Dr. S. R. Gardiner, the historian, is entering on his sixteenth session of work in Whitechapel, a proof both of Dr. Gardiner's devotion and the appreciation with which his efforts are regarded. The Saturday evening lectures at Toynbee Hall have always been a popular feature, and there is a remarkable list of delightful subjects treated by eminent men. Altogether, the report is astonishing by the multiplicity of the avenues of knowledge opened at Toynbee Hall.

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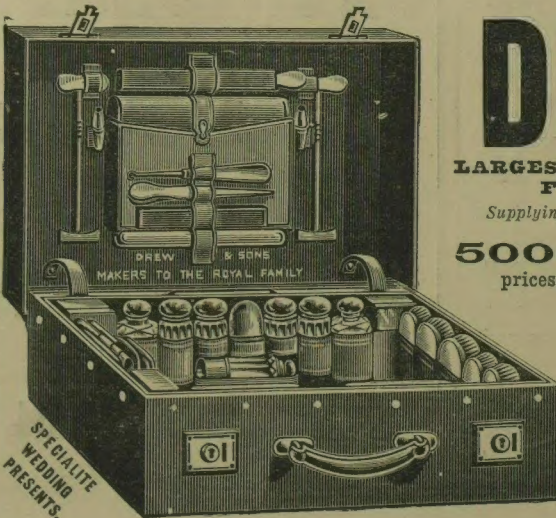
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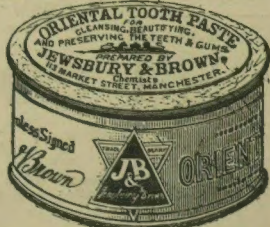
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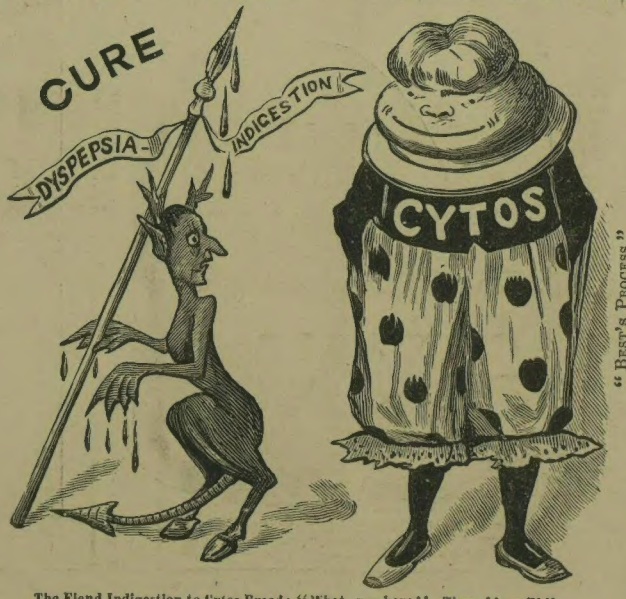
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